

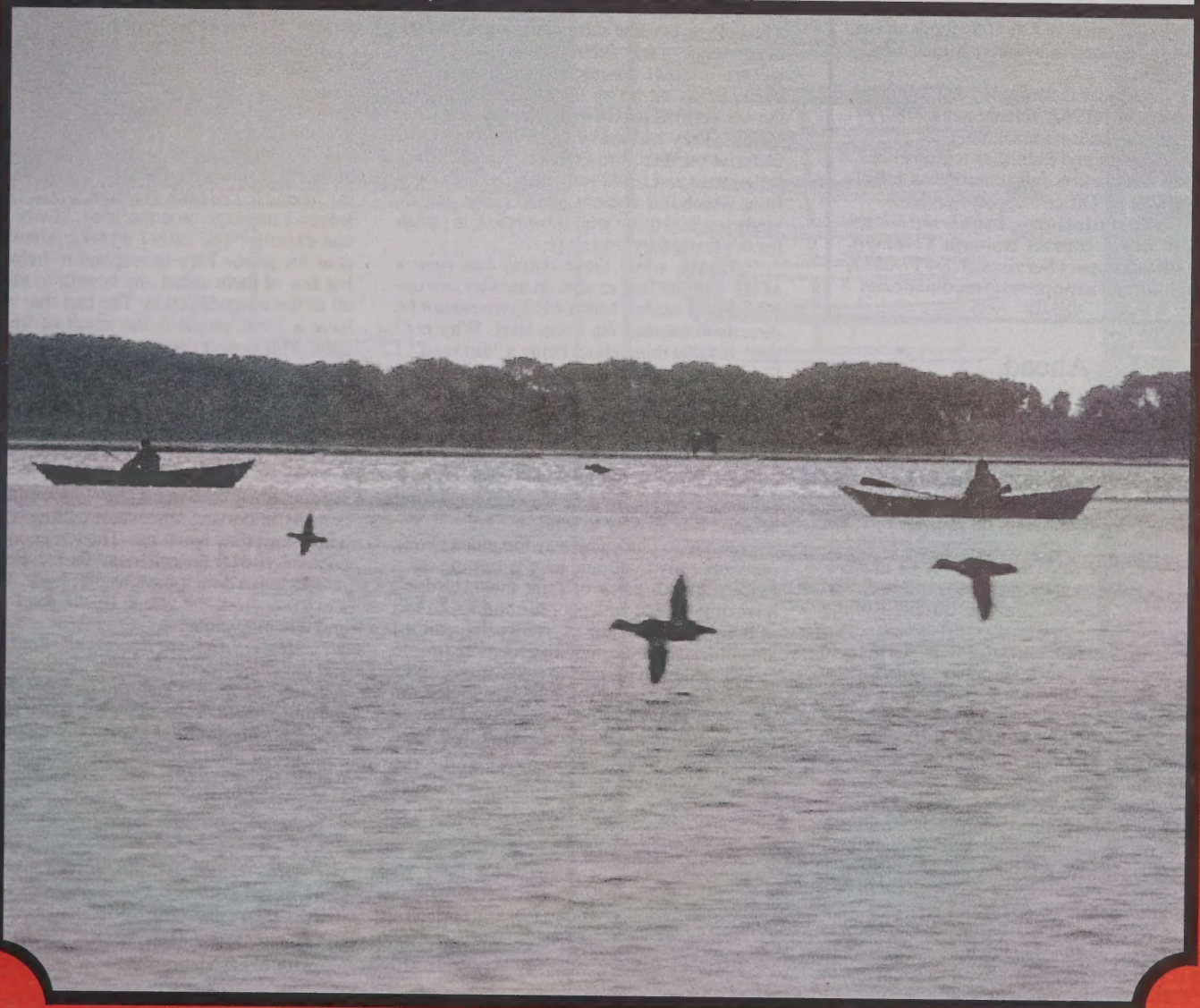
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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 19 - Number 4

July 1, 2001



**Special Feature This Issue**  
"A Seven Day Cruise in Summer Long Ago"  
"The Fishing Vessel Adeline" - "More New Boats"

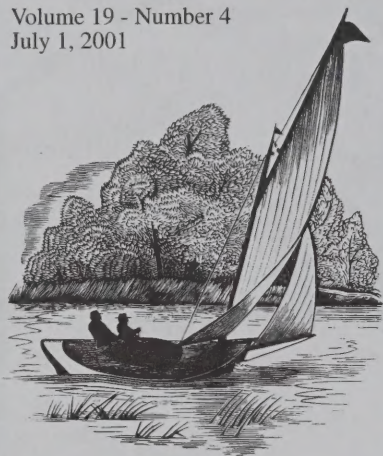
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# messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 19 - Number 4  
July 1, 2001



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## Looking Ahead...

It's time for me to sit down and write up a few articles myself, rather than just relying on those sent in by readers, so I'll be bringing you my reports on the "John Gardner Small Craft Workshop" at Mystic Seaport; my trip "From Boston to Salem on *Friendship*"; the National Park Service's replica of a 1798 Salem merchant ship; some photos of interesting boats "Seen at the Essex River Race"; and a look at "Reuben Smith's Unique Rolling Boatshop".

Jim Wilson chronicles a "Cruise to Rehoboth Bay"; Jack Hornung begins a short series on "An Adirondack Guideboat Cruises the Snake River"; Mait Edey reveals the story on "The Founding of Edey & Duff"; and Jim Thayer continues on his overseas ramble in Part 3 of "Big Boat Expose".

We'll have details, photos and illustrations of Jim Rypinski's versatile "Triton, a Personal Multihull"; Phil Bolger & Friends present their "Crystal Plywood Surfboat"; and Dennis Davis starts a new series on small boat design with "Design Rules - 1".

Yes, Robb White will not be left out, he discourses at some length on "Fiberglassing"; nor will Don Elliot be absent as his series on "Capsize" continues with Part 9.

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In my April 1 Commentary discussing internal operations here involving getting out this magazine regularly, I concluded my remarks with a quote from a *Boston Globe* article describing *MAIB* as being a "dirt road in this era of the information superhighway", and remarked that I'd elaborate later on about why we are not on the internet and have no telephone answering machine.

First off I have to clarify this internet thing. Many of you have indeed seen a *Messing About in Boats* website ([www.messingaboutinboats.com](http://www.messingaboutinboats.com), I think, I haven't seen it myself) on the internet, in fact a few of you became subscribers due to it. But, the presence of this website does not mean that we are internet connected, we're not. The website was set up by By the Sea ([www.by-the-sea.com](http://www.by-the-sea.com)) as part of their internet magazine format. They had asked us if they could use material on their site that we had published for content and I said sure, after all the issues from which this content would come had already reached those who subscribed. In return for the favor they set us up.

Thusly, while those online can view a *MAIB* website (we're also on another site operated by a reader, Mims Mall) we cannot be directly contacted via these sites. Why not? well, it's that thing about being a "dirt road". I like the easy pace of the mail, it comes in daily and I can read it at leisure, so to speak, holding in my hand each missive written by someone who was interested enough to go to the trouble of actually writing and mailing a letter. Viewing mail on the Mac screen is a poor substitute, and there'd be way too much of it because it is so easy to send.

What do I mean by way too much? Well, remember my main line here is turning out a twice a month piece of print media. I don't have time to chat with people online. As a sort of quasi-public figure as a magazine editor I am vulnerable to those with a lot more time to spare than I have wishing to chat with me about their particular interests or ask my advice and guidance. I have to emphasize that \$24 buys a subscription to the magazine, not unrestricted access to my time.

So, I am accessible by mail, and answer all letters promptly, a much more pleasurable manner for me to respond to your direct communications. The perceived inconvenience of troubling to write and mail a letter substantially thins out the numbers wishing to establish direct contact with me. I long ago learned that anyone who really wants to reach me will.

As a final note on the internet's utility, I have no desire to be able to be in instant communication with anyone, anywhere, at any time. Hey, I'm coasting now at my age and enjoying very much what I do, and do not care to be subjected to today's time pressures. And there is nothing I am looking for that prompts me to want to surf the web. And prospects of "building up my business" via internet promotions do not appeal, I have enough business now and it is a pleasurable and rewarding one.

Which brings me to the telephone and the lack of an answering machine. Think about it, my having to call back everyone who calls and leaves a message on a machine. Mucho time and expense. The calls I do take when I am near the phone I try to respond to helpfully, but few of them are of any benefit to me, it's all in the other direction. The fact that we do have a listed phone is the result of lifetime habit, Phil Bolger once remarked that his lack of a phone "does wonders for my powers of concentration".

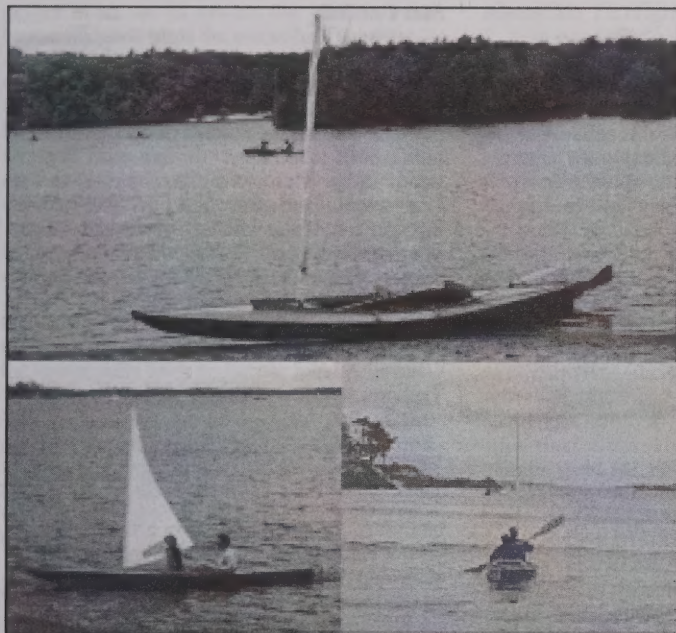
My working hours are variable, I am often not near the phone and it goes unanswered. I am blissfully unaware of whatever I might have missed. Aren't I afraid I might be missing something important? No, I know that if it is really important, whoever is calling will try again until they reach me. The telephone is a convenience for the caller, not for me. For this reason I also do not have a cell phone. When I'm away from the phone I'm beyond reach and it is marvelous.

*Messing About in Boats* is all about boats and their enjoyment as a leisurely recreational pursuit, and while I earn my livelihood from the magazine, I prefer to pursue it in a similar manner. I much prefer a quiet drive on a dirt road to the hectic hurrying of superhighway travel.

## On the Cover...

Whenever we have no cover photo candidates from an issue's contents we can always count on Barry Donahue's superbly evocative efforts, herewith his rendering of "Spring Pulling on Pleasant Bay".

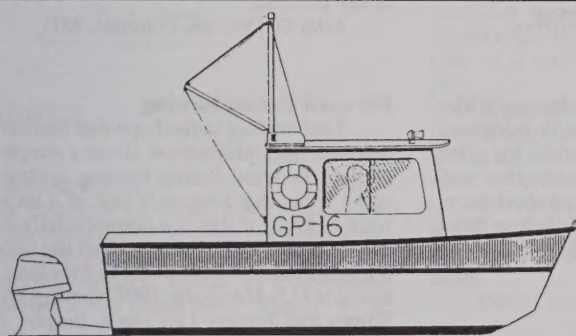




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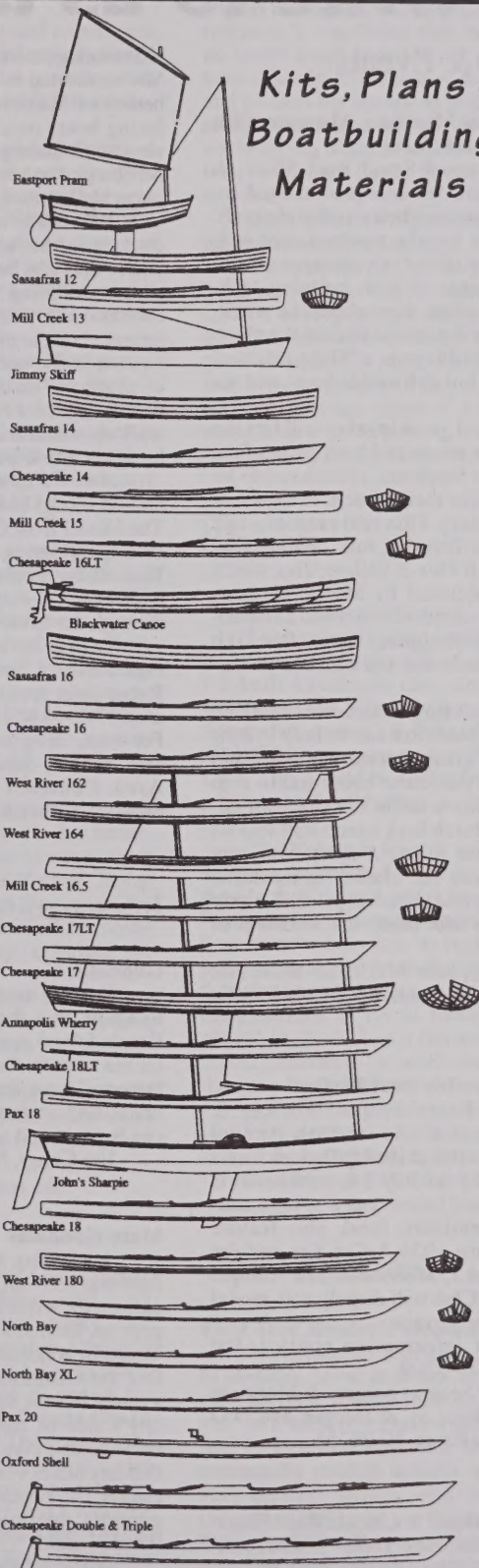


## 3 GP-16s HITTING THE WATER

Yes, and eight more a'building. You can see one of them at website [www.hotkey.net.au/~robruce](http://www.hotkey.net.au/~robruce). Ten pages of construction details. 16' LOA, 7' beam, 5" draft. Sleeps 2, head, galley, 6'-6" cockpit aft and 4' cockpit forward. This "Jeep of the sea" even has a bow ramp for easy boarding. Plywood over straight frames. Easy as building a dog house! Designed by Ted Brewer and Jim Betts. Study plans \$2 (\$3 Canadian) cash only. Plans and instructions \$75. Perfect cruiser, scuba, fishing boat. 23 kts. with 45 hp or take it easy with 10 hp at 7.7 kts. Planes at 10 kts. Flat or V bottom (both on plans). **Jim Betts, PO Box 1309, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742-1309.**

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CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT



# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### Lake Champlain Maritime Museum 13th Annual Small Boat Show

Our 13th Annual Small Boat Show on July 7 and 8 again features professional regional boatbuilders and their small watercraft. All types, canoes, kayaks, rowboats and sailboats, will be available for viewing and testing. Demonstrations of boat building techniques will take place throughout the weekend. You may book a cruise aboard the sloop *Friend Ship*. New this year, a "Shipyard Sale" will feature used but still usable boats and accessories!

A very special guest speaker will be Olin J. Stephens of the renowned boat design firm of Sparkman and Stephens, considered to be the most successful racing-yacht designer of the twentieth century. Olin will present a talk and slide show on Saturday, July 7. Olin's new autobiography, *All This & Sailing, Too*, which has just been published by Mystic Seaport, tells of a lifetime of recreational and competitive sailing and of designing some of the 20th century's most successful and well known racing yachts.

Our boatbuilding instructors will be on-hand with the boats that can be built in their classes. This is a great opportunity to see and learn about their particular boats and to sign up for a class. Buy a raffle ticket for an authentic Abenaki birch bark canoe that will be built in our course in late August. You may register in advance for classes in maritime photography, paddlemaking, and basic blacksmithing to take place the weekend of Small Boat Show.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

### Tom's River Wooden Boat Festival

The Toms River Seaport Society & Maritime Museum holds its 19th Annual Wooden Boat Festival at Huddy Park in Tom's River, New Jersey on July 14. Admission is free to water & land based boat displays, nautical vendors, seminars, food, plus feature boats; a legendary 1924 A-Cat *Spy* and the 1928 Tall Ship, *A.J. Meerwald*. The Antique Outboard Motor Club will display and model boat races will be on view.

For further information contact, Pat Burke at (732) 349-9209.

Toms River Seaport Society & Maritime Museum, East Water St. & Hooper Ave., PO Box 1111, Tom's River, NJ 08754

### Skaneateles Antique & Classic Boat Show

In Skaneateles, New York, "Where Presidents Vacation", Chris Crafts, Gar Woods, Centurys and many other beautifully restored wooden boats, historic reminders of an age gone by, will once again congregate on the north shore of Skaneateles Lake on July 27-29 for the 23rd Annual Skaneateles Antique and Classic Boat Show. The village of Skaneateles, the Eastern Gateway to Upstate New York's Finger Lakes Region, will provide

vide an elegant backdrop for this annual event. You're invited to come and enjoy the natural beauty of Skaneateles and to spend a few relaxing hours recalling the days of beautifully varnished mahogany speedboating. There is no charge for admission and all boating displays are handicapped accessible.

Two-thirds of the 70 plus boats will be docked in the water along the village pier where they can be easily seen and admired by visitors strolling along the elevated pier. To enhance the visitors' experience, placards mounted on the pier railing describe each boat located in the water below. Smaller craft will be displayed on the lawn in Clift Park immediately adjacent to the pier where visitors can walk up, touch and examine the craftsmanship built into these boats.

A new addition this year will be a collection of model boats provided by members of The Model Boat Club of Syracuse, New York, on display during Saturday and Sunday of the Boat Show weekend. Many of them will be launched and maneuvered by remote control through the Boat Show area.

To receive a packet of information for registering a boat in the show, call Arnie Rubenstein at (315) 637-8522 or Jack Miller at (607) 844-9513; <jmille14@twcny.rr.com>. For more information about the Skaneateles area, contact Susan Dove at the Skaneateles Area Chamber of Commerce at (315) 685-0552, out the [www.skaneateles.com](http://www.skaneateles.com)

## Information of Interest...

### Gondolas

Readers interested in gondolas might like to know that there are two in Providence, Rhode Island available to the public for rides on the river in the midst of the city. One was imported from Venice, the other was built here; one is 19th century, the other 20th. Info re them can be obtained at (401) 421-8877.

Jim Casey, Newport, RI

### More Gondolas

According to an article in the *Boston Business Journal*, a couple from Acton, Massachusetts wishes to start taking out passengers on Boston's Charles River in authentic Venetian gondolas. They are presently up before the Cambridge License Commission for a jitney license to operate from a base on that city's side of the river. They face the usual bureaucratic concerns about noise and safety that any novel venture suffers. The proprietors caught the gondola bug after observing the gondola operation in nearby Providence, Rhode Island.

While safety on a 36' gondola concerns today's powerboat oriented officials, the operator of a fleet of nine gondolas in Newport Beach, California is quoted as stating that his boats are equipped with cell phones, life preservers, fire extinguishers, flares and other safety items. Do you suppose the Venetians mess with all these?

Alicia Moore, Ipswich, MA

### Sun Cat Info

I have had seven or eight long distance calls from south of here across through Texas asking for more information about the Sun Cat from my article about this boat which was published some time ago. I understand she is being built these days (though with center-board rather than twin bilge boards) in the Clearwater, Florida area but have no specific information. If and when we get details, I hope you will print them. We have some interested readers. She was (is ??) a lovely small boat.

Tom Shaw, Wilmington, NC

## Information Wanted...

### Caught in a Thunderstorm

I have repeatedly brought the question about the procedure one should follow when caught out in a small boat in a thunderstorm to US Sailing and have been ignored. They seem only interested in large yachts and tend to ignore small boat sailors. Your publication would address the subject for sailors and non-sailors, alike should someone undertake to advise us on this topic.

Some of the questions I have are: Should I capsize? Should I lie down in the boat? If capsized, should I stay in the water? Should I climb upon the capsized boat to get out of the water?

I own a wooden Albacore that was caught in a thunderstorm on the Potomac River. After I lowered the mainsail and was trying to make land, a bolt hit. It ran down the mast; some of it ran along the boom and melted the mainsail while some of the bolt jumped off at the mast step and blew a hole in the hull. Scary, to say the least.

John O. Duncan, Potomac, MD

### Forward Facing Rowing

I am writing in the hope that readers can help me find information about a simple but elegant forward facing rowing system for small boats that I recently saw in a movie. I want to know if this is a commercially available unit and if so, how to contact the seller. If it is homemade, I would like to get plans. The movie is *U.S. Marshalls*, 1998, starring Wesley Snipes and Tommy Lee Jones. Snipes' character escapes custody following a plane crash, steals a small boat and rows it into a deep swamp. The rowing is shown for just a few seconds, and the character does not seem to be at all surprised that the boat moves forward in response to his pulling back on the oar handles. My impression is that such a system would be useful, even necessary, in the narrow winding bayeaux with heavy vegetation along their sides and hanging close overhead. I have never seen anything like it in discussions about forward facing rowing in these pages or anywhere else.

The rowing appeared on the screen for just a few seconds, so I am guessing at dimensions and details. Two vertical metal pins rise from the gunwale, one pin about 8" forward of the other. The lower ends of both pins are welded to a horizontal flat metal strap, and there are pivots at the forward and aft ends of the strap. The pivots work on a part that is attached or clamped to the gunwale. The tops of the vertical pins can, therefore, move to-

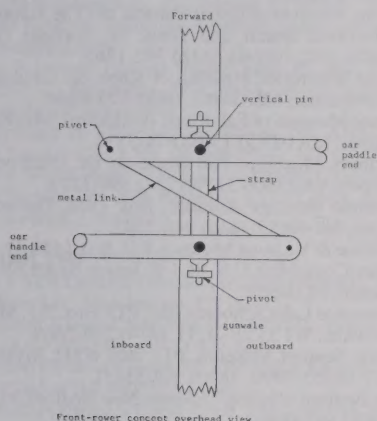


gether in an arc in toward the inside of the boat and out toward the outside of the boat.

Next imagine an ordinary wooden oar, one longer than would otherwise be chosen for this particular boat, that it is cut in half. A hole through the inboard handle end of the oar, about 8" from the cut, fits over the aft vertical metal pin. A hole through the outboard paddle end of the oar, about 8" from the cut, fits over the forward vertical metal pin. A metal link having pivots at both ends connects the short ends of the two pieces of the cut oar.

When the rower lifts the handle end of the oar, the vertical pins pivot outboard and the oar's blade end dips into the water. When the rower pulls back on the oar handle, its outboard short stump moves forward. The metal link pushes the inboard stump end of the paddle forward, which causes the paddle end to move backward and propel the boat forward. Seems like a nifty way to row a small boat without having to go backwards, and I'd like to try it.

Sam Overman, PO Box 52, Dahlgren, VA 22448, <foamboatguy@yahoo.com>



## Opinions...

### And the Answer Is...

In response to Hugh Ware's question about the rig of the *Duen* in his story on cruising the Inside Passage in the April 1 issue, she is bound to be either a "kooner" or a "schketch" (or perhaps she could be a "skoon" or a "ketcher"?)

John DeGroot, Lancaster, PA

### Lots of Dreamers

I enjoyed your Commentary in the May 15 issue about disposing of abandoned boats. We had a 28' Trojan with a strong 250hp Palmer International here a few years ago with "floats and runs and yours for free" painted on the transom. I parked her out by the road and had lots of dreamers (nothing wrong with dreams but it comes as a surprise to most of these people that some folks actually live their dreams) but it took six weeks in the middle of the summer before someone actually took her away. If you run a "free boat" ad in *WoodenBoat* you lose the use of your phone for a few weeks and get calls from all over the US at all hours of the day and night, and still have a hard time getting someone to actually come equipped to take the boat away.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

### About My Firefighting

In response to Alan Athearn's comments about my firefighting in the June 1 issue "You Write...":

My firefighting training and experience goes back 59 years (USN and chemical plant). I have been messing about seriously with chemicals (both amateur and professional status) for 70 years.

I had two kinds of professional electrical advice. The young electricians were the ones who didn't think much of my hosing the burning entrance box. The veteran CP&L linemen, who work on live circuits, approved. A retired CG captain friend objected to it until I pointed out to him that I wasn't using a shipboard salt water fire main. Peeing on an electric fence is also a salt water situation.

The "C" on any fire extinguisher means it is suitable for putting out electric fires. It does not indicate that it will not damage electrical equipment. An A-B-C extinguisher is definitely harmful to mechanical and electrical equipment (ref. UL, Factory Mutual, and Kidde in my earlier article on fire extinguishers).

My experienced chemical sniffer (nose) detected burning phenolic circuit breakers and wire insulation, and, when the A-B-C powder hit, a great cloud of ammonia fumes. Now I was upwind of the burning box. I certainly would not want to use an A-B-C extinguisher in a confined space such as a boat's cabin.

The box did not have a main breaker (the replacement does) and went on pulling power until the breaker on the 15KVA transformer on the pole opened.

I wasn't worrying about it, but was standing on a wooden deck alongside the house. The one stupid thing I did was to use a piece of steel pipe to lift the cover of the box. It was fortunate that I had been fiddling with the breakers the day before and had left the cover ajar, so it was easy to flip up, exposing the fire.

Because the water soaked and cooled everything, the house siding did not catch fire. It was charred enough to indicate it was very close to burning.

Except for using instead a piece of wood to flip up the box cover, I wouldn't do a thing differently if faced with the same situation again.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

### Green Heron a Pleasure

What a pleasure to find the Green Heron piece in the May 15 issue! Many years ago I built Mr. Thomson's Moondance, which is an 11' boat of similar lines. At the time, I thought I had a better idea and moved the daggerboard from the centerline to the side of one of the fore and aft bench seats. I also thought I had a better way to rig the backrest. The boat turned out to be my best job to that date and I sent John photos of it, asking his opinion of my changes. A long time went by and I was just beginning to think I had offended him (imagine a builder writing so to L. Francis) when a most gracious letter arrived. He wrote as though to a colleague, sharing his thoughts and approving of the changes.

I lived aboard a larger boat then, kept the *Moonboat* tied alongside, and sailed it often, as did several friends... and their friends; it was hard service. I moved ashore then and poor *Moonboat* sat in a derelict barn for almost ten

years, dripped on, shat upon and overgrown with vines. Last year it became time to think about a small sailboat to take along on our next trip up the Inside Passage. After quite a lot of research, I concluded that there simply was no better small boat for our purpose. After I hauled her up to the house, did a minor repair and painted her up, she is as good as new and ready to go again. In my book, Thompson is not bragging when he says it is simply the best boat of its kind. Green Heron looks to be just as good.

On a different topic, I have been meaning to write for some time to let you know how I feel about *MAIB*. To put it briefly: In spite of having finally achieved a certain amount of simplicity, it still seems that we get a ton of mail both solicited and un. Not one piece of it creates such a feeling of connection to a community of like-minded individuals, nor does any piece of it inspire creative thought as does *MAIB*.

Brooke Elgie, Elma, WA

## Projects...

### "WWPD" Banner Needed

I was recently setting up a project to work on with two classrooms of seventh graders. I'd built kayaks in this school before and wanted to do something a little different. Somewhat stymied, I realized that I needed a "WWPD" banner, meaning "What Would Phil Do?" This would be reminder to try thinking a little outside of the box, to try what I haven't tried before.

Phil Bolger & Friends writings have been an encouragement for me to try designs and details that twenty years ago I would have found at best to be unthinkable. result has that I've been to help kids to build simple, inexpensive, practical boats that have transported their bodies on the water and allowed their imaginations to fly to places we can only speculate about. And it has also given considerable pleasure to the adults that have watched this process and/or tried the boats themselves.

All of which leads me back to thanking you for the magazine, Phil's regular column and all the other contributors.

Ken Meyer, Whitefield, ME

## This Magazine...

### First Year Reader's Opinion

I am promptly renewing my subscription to *Messing About in Boats* as I don't want to miss an issue. I have just completed my first year as a subscriber, and wanted you to know that I enjoy the magazine thoroughly! You continually publish articles written by some very creative writers who, some with their tongues firmly and permanently planted in their cheeks, craft very enjoyable prose.

The more serious articles are oft times keenly important, especially the latest concerning the invasion of SNAME. Thanks for providing a friendly forum for that issue. I was not aware of it until I read about it in the latest issue, and clearly feel it is unwarranted. I will take positive action to undermine its potential for success.

Pete Smullen, Mystic, CT



## ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., 422 James Street, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-BOAT (2628), <hq@acbs.org>, <www.acbs.org>  
Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.  
Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.  
Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242, (978) 281-4440.  
N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Soc., 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.  
Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400, (414) 634-2351.  
Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.  
The Thompson Dockside, 10061 Riverside Dr., PMB 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

## BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Boat Building & Water Skills School, PO Box 146, Raquette Lake, NY 13436, (315) 354-5311, <sagamore@telenet.net>  
Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926.  
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.  
Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.  
Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goerie.com/bcms>.  
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628.  
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-2916.  
Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 903-4284, www.chesapeakeboatsbayou.cktl.com.  
CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343.  
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412.  
Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286, (410) 252-9324.  
John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.  
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.  
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.  
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913, (978) 388-0162.  
Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.  
Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.  
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.  
North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.  
North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.  
Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (206) 385-4948.  
Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, <pwbf@libertynet.org>  
RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282, (503) 236-2926.  
San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123, (415) 929-0202.  
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.  
Washington County Technical College, RR1 Box 22C, River Rd., Calais, ME 04619, (207) 454-1000.  
Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651.  
Wooden Boat Workshop of Door Cty., 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955.

## Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2001

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

**In 2001, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.**

## CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.  
Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-1983.

## ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442, (954) 725-0640.

## MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331, (781) 934-7555.  
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.  
Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.  
The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2007.  
Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543, (508) 540-3954.  
Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.  
Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

## MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, PO Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).  
Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812, (518) 352-7311.  
Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.  
Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.  
Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.  
Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.  
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.  
Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426, (860) 767-8269.  
Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-8681.  
Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerwald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>  
Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.  
Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541.  
Galveston & Trinity Bay Marine Museum, P.O. Box 641, Bacliff, TX 77518, (281) 559-1092, www.scowschooner.org.  
Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.  
Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809, (401) 253-5000.  
Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401, (914) 338-0071.  
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415, (215) 925-5439.  
Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.  
Iowa Great Lakes Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 726, 243 W. Broadway, Arnolds Park, IA 51331, (712) 332-5264, <captainsteve@ncn.net>, www.okobojimuseum.org.  
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.  
Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.  
Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796, (516) 854-4974.  
Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.  
Marblehead Dory & Schooner Museum, Gary Kissal, Curator, 5 Bessom St. #101, Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-2567, <jmorgan@marblehead.com>  
Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.  
Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861, (800) 923-0444.  
Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.  
Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759, (757) 596-2222.  
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.  
Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.  
Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291, (414) 276-5664.  
Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (860) 572-5315.  
New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA, (508) 997-0046.  
Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.  
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.  
Osterville Hist. Soc. & Mus., 155 W. Bay Rd., PO Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.  
Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970, (978) 745-9500.  
Penobscot Marine Museum, 5 Church St., Searsport, ME 04974, (207) 548-2529.  
Plymouth Plantation, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-1662.  
James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.  
San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101, (919) 234-9153.  
South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.  
Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.  
Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.  
United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.  
USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.  
Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035, (805) 984-6260.  
Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

## MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.  
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St. Bath, ME 04530, (207) 442-0097.  
Model Guild of the Ventura Cty Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035 (805) 984-6260.



North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.  
 Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.  
 U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.  
 U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

### ONE DESIGN SAILING

Albacore One-Design Class, c/o Peter Duncan, 550M Ritchie Hwy. #144, Severna Park, MD 21146. (410) 431-05480; e-mail sailfaster@aol.com; website <http://www.my-town.com/sailing>.  
 American Canoe Assoc. Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.  
 Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.  
 Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.  
 Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.  
 New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wells Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430. <wmpile@excite.com> <www.beetlecat.org>.  
 San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>  
 Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.  
 West Wight Potter's Assoc., Southern California Chapter, c/o Bill Beddow, 1333 Corby Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650

### PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.  
 Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.  
 Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.  
 Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.  
 Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.  
 Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, PO Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202, (914) 634-9466.  
 New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.  
 Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.  
 Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.  
 Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.  
 Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.  
 Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, PO Box 226, Blue Mt. Lake, NY 12812 <wcha@wcha.org, [www.wcha.org](http://www.wcha.org)>

### ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.  
 Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.  
 Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.  
 Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club, c/o Jeff McLaughlin, 121 Sheffield Rd., Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 896-5363, <[www.c4.net/viking](http://www.c4.net/viking)>  
 Conn. River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.  
 East River Crew, c/o Tori Gilbert, 22 E. 89th St., New York, NY 10128.  
 Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
 Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162  
 Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.  
 Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.  
 Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.  
 New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.  
 Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.  
 Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.  
 Saquish Rowing club, c/o Mike Jenness, 2142 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333, (508) 378-9986  
 Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

### SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.  
 United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

### SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

### SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.  
 Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.  
 Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.  
 "Scuzbums" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society), 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd, San Diego CA 92111, (858) 569-5277, Annie Kolls <Scuzbum@aol.com>  
 West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

### STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.  
 New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.  
 New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.  
 Steamship Historical Soc. of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

### TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.  
 Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.  
 Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.  
 Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.  
 Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.  
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
 Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.  
 Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.

Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.  
 Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.  
 Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: <http://www.tsca.net/puget/>.  
 Sacramento TSCA, c/o Robert T. Ratcliff, 2861 San Carlos Dr., Walnut Creek, CA 94598. (925) 939-4073.  
 South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.  
 Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.  
 Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.  
 Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.  
 Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.  
 TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.  
 Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234, (410) 254-7957.  
 Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

### TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.  
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.  
 S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.  
 Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

### TUGBOATING

International Retired Tugboat Association, c/o N.A. Foraker, 250 N. 50th, Longview, WA 98632. (360) 423-4223, <tugsme@aol.com>  
 Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.  
 World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

### WATERCYCLING

International Watercycle Assoc., 265 Santa Helena, Suite 110, Solana Beach, CA 92075-1538.

### WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.  
 North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.  
 Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

### WOODEN BOATS

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.  
 Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.  
 Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.  
 Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.  
 Small Wooden Boat Assoc. of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.  
 Wooden Boat Found., Cupola House, 2 Pte. Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.  
 Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.





Here's a tragic story but a very good informative one for all skippers who venture into deep rough waters. Similar to, but better than *The Perfect Storm*. More factual, less dramatic. The mysterious sinking of the *Americus* and *Altair* fishing vessels in the Bering sea on a calm day with 2' waves! They were on their way out to the fishing grounds, not even loaded with crabs yet. Strong new steel ships. The mystery is why and how?

The book is a mystery story which is solved, well sort of, almost. Thus the story is artful and realistic, reflecting the human imperfections of the people involved.

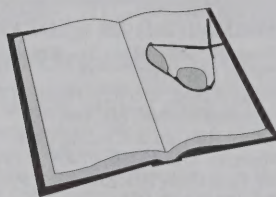
The bottom line (pun not intended) is the "captains of this industry" surprisingly don't really know or care much about the stability of their ships. They can survive anything they think, in spite of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary. They don't really know how stable their boats are, i.e., what the righting arm is, or how far they can roll and still come back (my question is can't they tell this, or at least get a better feeling, by a simple rolling experiment twisting the wheel back and forth as they exit the dock in calm waters? This will cause the ship to roll, and if she's but marginally stable it should be apparent. Checking on my boat, I found I could roll her this way to a max of about 7 degrees at full speed). I suspect the FV Captains are so macho they don't even ask out loud. The human ego gets in the way of common sense. Also, of course, they overwork themselves and their crews into exhaustion, so they, as well as their ships, are running on autopilot.

The 123' x 32' x 14' steel ships do have a stability report which is a booklet telling them how to load it safely, but of course the skippers never open that book.

Dillon presents a good factual discussion of the weights and ballast aboard; fuel, crab pots, deck gear, bait, cranes, derricks, crab tanks. Their main ballast is the diesel fuel, 245 tons in a 300 ton boat. He also discusses the dangerous mischief a failing autopilot can create causing a sudden rudder hard-over and turning them across the seas at the wrong time... and notes that static stability, the test done at the dock, is not the same as dynamic... it is less... The waves can contribute to a roll over. Dillon seems a well experienced seaman-writer. He signed on as a crewman-cook for the winter crabbing season in 1995 on a vessel similar to the *Alyeska*, so he's been there.

Horrible working conditions on the stormy Bering sea in winter tend to cancel out common sense. But these hellish conditions are also brought on from the need to make it big while the short season lasts. The Olympic rules of fishing, which is more like a dangerous gold rush, a free for all, seems to be the problem. This must be changed, otherwise the small fisherman can't compete. But maybe they shouldn't be in this business anyway, there's not enough fish to go around, and the bigger rigs are safer, and the foreign competition is intense. Thus goes the continuing debate raging today.

Jeff Hendricks is the owner entrepreneur who runs the fleet out of Anacortes, Washington. His designer, Jacob Fisker-Andersen, has the weight of his lightship (unloaded boat), in error by 30 tons out of 195, off by 15%. Bruce Ade, an engineering professor-consultant brought in by the USCG, finds the weight is off by 55.6 tons, or 28%! The real boat is much



## Book Reviews

### *Lost at Sea, An American Tragedy*

By Patrick Dillon,

Published by Simon & Schuster,  
Paperback, 1998, \$14

Reviewed by Jeff Douthwaite,

Skipper of *Flamingo*,

Author of *The Flights of the Flamingo*

heavier than the designed model. Such sloppy engineering work suggests the designers and builders don't care much about this detail, which is strange, given that the ship's weight is critical to the boat's stability margin.

Dillon notes soberly that EPIRBs do not necessarily work either. To do so they have to float free from the boat to allow their signal to be received. In this case none worked on either boat. The overturned boat, *Americus*, was found the same day 2/14/83, by a freighter, the *Neptune Jade* from Singapore, on her radar screen, about 25 miles NW of Dutch Harbor Alaska. There were no survivors. The other sister ship, the *Altair*, was never found. Both had just left Dutch Harbor.

The unpredictable human element gets in the way of common sense and good management. That Capt George Nation of the *Americus* is often feuding with his rich brother in law, Jeff Hendricks, who owns the fleet, is all too plausible. So Hendricks doesn't control Nation much. Capt Ron Biernes of the *Altair* is too easy going, doesn't check the fuel management of a green deckhand who is innocent of the dangers of unloading the deep center fuel tank, the most important ballast aboard.

Also the corrupting seductive influence of really big money to be made quickly here is very real too. As Dillon writes, "From their fathers, uncles and other relatives, young men (in the past) learned respect for what the sea was capable of doing to even the best of the boats. But the King Crab boom changed all that. Now kids were going to sea with little experience and returning with enough money to buy their own boats and call themselves captains. The Coast Guardsmen had felt the brunt..." p115. "From 1978 to 1983 102 major fishing vessel accidents were sent to NTSB for review, of those 62 involved capsizing, flooding or floundering, 17 fires, 12 groundings, 5 collisions, and 8 miscellaneous causes." p117.

*Lost at Sea* has an error regarding location of Seymour Narrows, saying "it is more than 1,000 miles from Anacortes," p38. Actually it's only 150 miles. Also there is an error in its map of the Bering Sea. The longitudinal scale should be much less than the latitudinal, (cosine of 54degrees = 0.581). Otherwise the book is surprisingly error free.

The latter part of the book discusses in

agonizing detail, how tough it is to get a national law changed or added on this subject. The fishermen are truly an independent breed and lobby their values fiercely.

There were four sister "A Boats" in the Bering Sea at the time of the two accidents, the *Americus*, *Altair*, *Alyeska*, and the *Antares*. The skippers of the latter two, upon hearing the awful news of the loss of the first two, immediately dumped overboard 30 crab pots, 10 tons, (out of a total of 228 pots), because they feared they too were overloaded. Later, however, the Captains testified to the USCG that it, the dumping of the pots, was "to make room on deck for a rescue effort," a white lie to protect their fellow captains and probably to shield the reflected blame from the captain's wives who had to live with their awful loss and their neighbors' in the small town of Anacortes.

This damning action seems to me, compelling proof that the skippers, owners and designer knew they were overloaded... But strangely, the USCG investigator-lawyers did not pursue this line of proof or questioning, presumably in deference to the pain of the awful truth. Also and more to the point, is to make sure it doesn't happen again. Thus the Coast Guard Officer in charge, Captain John De Carteret, wanted legislation passed and thought this true horror story should be enough evidence to push it through.

Not surprisingly, it turns out the *Americus* and the *Altair* were overloaded. But witnesses noted as they exited Dutch Harbor they were loaded to the boot stripe waterline, which is normal, not overloaded. So how do we find out and prove overloading? In a lucky bit of detective work the tenacious Prof Ade finds the painted boot stripe was raised a foot above its designed level a few months previously! This crucial point is not well explained. The shipyard foreman said it was to provide "better marine protection against corrosion" but it obviously smells of wanting to go for bigger payloads. And the operative mentality is, "Of course the skipper would know what was safe and what was not, no one need tell him."

And so the captains loaded down to that mark, where the ships are but marginally stable. Ade computed that with that crucial ballast tank empty, the rolling margin now was a bare 7degrees! At sea she starts to roll and soon over she goes. A roll-over at sea gives no time for a Mayday call. This, the raising of the boot stripe, seems a criminal act to me, knowing, as they do, that the boot stripe is used as the basic rule of thumb of safety.

But the townspeople of Anacortes do forgive Hendricks because he's the one with the capital to allow them to continue on in business. And he truly seems to have learned his lesson. Dillon comes through again with the essential human touch.

All in all *Lost at Sea* is a great piece of work and I recommend it for all.

#### Data:

Lightship wt 195 tons  
123' x 32' x 10' draft unloaded  
Each inch of draft about 7 ton weight gain  
224 Crab Pots = 77 tons. Pots are 690 lbs each.  
Fuel is 7.2 lbs/gal, sea water 8.34  
245 tons of fuel total = 68,055 gals  
30 degree roll is "the safe minimum"  
They left Dutch Harbor with only a 7 degree roll margin!  
These ships have no required Plimsoll line.



This is a moving story by a seasoned New England sailor about the building of a small traditional wooden topsail schooner in Maine. The octogenarian author, who is a retired school teacher, has given us a report on the process with elegant but simple and interesting prose that includes many details of each step in the process along with philosophy and instructive technical information.

The author and his wife of many years had until 1996 sailed their 32' Friendship sloop, *Eastward*, extensively throughout New England for 40 summers, sometimes as a chartered, crewed boat. He is the co-author of the popular *Cruising Guide to the New England Coast* and the author of several other books on Maine and sailing.

During the 1996 sailing season, Skipper Duncan and his wife Mary decided to give their beloved *Eastward* to their son Robert and acquire a smaller boat for themselves. After careful consideration they decided that to get a boat that would meet their needs they would have to have one built. Their plan included their own participation in the process as much as would prove to be practical.

Shortly after a fruitful meeting in September with Ralph Stanley, an experienced designer-builder of wooden boats, they entered into an agreement with Mr. Stanley to begin working on the design as soon as possible. Working to mutually agreed-upon specifica-

## Dorothy Elizabeth Building a Traditional Schooner

By Roger F. Duncan  
W. W. Norton & Co. 2000, \$27.95  
Reviewed by A. Bennett Wilson, Jr.

tions, Ralph Stanley produced plans for a 28' topsail schooner during the autumn, and construction was begun at his shop in Southwest Harbor in January, 1997. The author and his wife surveyed the engine field, selected an engine, and got a commitment from Nat Wilson to make the sails. The author also began in March to make splices in wire for the standing rigging.

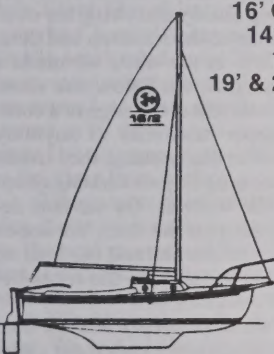
On April 16 they held a "shutter party". Work progressed on both fronts until Mr. Duncan suffered a severe stroke shortly afterward that resulted in a paralyzed leg and a long hospitalization. Work on the hull continued though. And on July 3, Mr. Duncan was able to resume splicing the wire for the standing rigging.

In addition to assembling the rigging, the skipper assumed responsibility for acquiring the traditional hardware that was required, the spars, and the sails. In reporting on these activities the author presents a moving perspec-

tive of life among the professionals in the boatbuilding and boat maintenance world along the New England coast. In his participation in the building and outfitting process the author is ably assisted by his wife, Mary, his brother, Don, their children, and an assortment of grandchildren.

Building of the hull was completed in October and the hull was trucked to a boatyard very close to the author's home in Boothbay Harbor to make it more convenient for the family to contribute further in the process. The schooner was launched on September 19, 1998 with most of the contributors present. The name *Dorothy Elizabeth* was selected to honor the memory of the mothers of the owners. Sea trials proved that the *Dorothy Elizabeth* is a huge success, and all the effort was worthwhile.


The Appendix contains a glossary, an index, and a list of important events that took place during the building and equipping process. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs supplemented by elegant pen-and-ink drawings made by Marcus Schone. It provides us with another example of the fact that the predictions made many years ago about the death of wooden boats were greatly exaggerated. Furthermore, it proves once again that one is never too old to enjoy the fruits of one's own creative activities.



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# A Seven Day Cruise In Summer Long Ago

By Richard Schneider

(Originally submitted to *Motor Boating* in the summer of 1944 while the author was a private in the U.S. Army stationed at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, this manuscript was rejected at the time due to paper rationing restricting available pages in issues of wartime magazines.)



Though I plan in the bright future to take many a dreamt of cruise in the boat I hope to own, I don't think I'll ever forget the cruise in a eleven foot rowboat that my pal Bud French and I took some summers ago. Bud's in New Guinea now, but I believe if you walked up to him and asked him about the trip in the *Stubby*, he'd look up from cleaning his rifle, smile, and start telling you of that warm August morning when we loaded a conglomerate assembly of duffle that young boys deem necessary and with adventure in our hearts, started rowing our little boat up the broad sun dimpled Fox River.

Our plans (carefully conceived during school study hall hours) were to follow up the Fox River about 25 miles north and explore the large chain of lakes shown there on the map. Our home port was my family's summer home on the Fox River near the little Bohemian town of Fox River Grove in northern Illinois.

Our boat, the *Stubby*, was a stout little 11' punt with lines to steal the heart of any riverman. She was designed by my dad on our kitchen table and built by him in our basement during the long winter evenings. We had a small 4' x 4' square sail for her but depended on her two-oar power to get where we planned to go. It turned out that this little sail almost carried us through the whole trip because of favorable winds.

So leaving our parents waving on the pier, we pushed off that bright morning, our boat loaded to the gunnels with tent, bedding, food and all kinds of equipment like telescope, hatchet and the road map (this was our chart) which showed the Fox River as a well defined crinkly blue line. The morning breeze caught our little sail and we were on our way with Bud sitting on the stern seat, handling the rudder (an oar) and I comfortably ensconced on the duffle, amidships, eating an orange, watching the cool green shoreline slip by and lulled by the lapping gurgle of our bow wave. This was wonderful. I don't think any millionaire sipping cocktails on the after deck of his yacht

ever felt happier.

Five miles on our way we sighted Basswood Island which is about an acre of solid ground encrusted with Basswood trees and surrounded by miles of swamps and bayous. This place has always intrigued me. It's lonely, uninhabited, yet it has a soothing peaceful beauty about it. Here the swamp creatures live undisturbed and only the rustle of the wind caressing the long grasses and songs of the winged ones break the silence. We had our first meal on the island's beach. Somehow I was elected cook, but because most of our food came out of cans we managed to stay healthy.

Back into the boat with stomachs full of warm beans and viciously strong coffee, we found the wind now against us so it was row, row, row. We rowed together but the reeded banks crept past too slowly and the wind mischievously blew spray over our flat bow so Bud pulled hard and I pulled harder. The boat went in circles.

"Cut it out," I yelled.

"You're doing it yourself," snapped Bud.

So we took turns rowing until, rounding the next bend we once again had the wind behind us. This was the only time during the trip except on the lakes that we couldn't use our sail.

We approached Rawson's bridge (I have always remembered the grass growing on it), and a mile on we came to Jacoby's. Jacoby's was a riverfront grocery store which also boasted a small dance floor, bar, and slot machines around every corner. Jacoby, a man everyone knew, was an old settled man now, but everyone remembered the boat he once owned when a gay young blade. It was a launch on which he'd set the passengers into laughing hysterics as he clowned the part of a sea captain. Scurrying into its minute cabin, he'd unroll huge charts of the river and make great calculations with compass and instruments. All this he topped off with the wearing of an elaborate gold braided captain's cap.

We stopped here for supplies, canned beef and potato salad (a staple on our cruise) and

soda pop (also consumed in great quantities.) Oh yes, we invested three nickels in one of the slot machines and, it being stubborn by not paying off, genial Mr. Jacoby gave us back our losses in free soda pop. Here was a man we liked.

We took leave of this interesting place, hoisted our bedsheets sail and resumed our voyage. The river became narrower and we knew the McHenry dam lay ahead.

Around four o'clock in the afternoon we heard the roar of the waters as they tumbled over the dam that maintained the level of the big lakes many miles beyond. Here was a bone of contention between the lake people and the river people. During the dry summer months the lake people wanted flash boards put on, making it higher to keep the level of their lakes up. Then the river people complained of the resulting shallow river. Many meetings of associations were held over this issue but that is all gone and past now as the state of Illinois has erected a modern concrete dam there which pleases everybody.

Construction on this dam was going on as we approached and it was here that our hearts sank. The boat locks of the old dam on which we were depending to get *Stubby* through to the lakes were not in operation and a nightmare vision of spending the rest of our trip below the dam struck. The bustling activity and chugging of the steam shovel didn't seem to leave any place for two boys and their boat. We thought how easy it would be for the big crane to pick up *Stubby* and swing her over.

We reconnoitered the situation and then, as the sun was low in the west, we made a landing by some pillows below the dam, pitched our umbrella tent at the edge of a cornfield and ate supper in silence. If anybody would have looked in that evening, they would have seen two sweating boys feverishly chopping logs from the willows, for we had decided on how to get past the dam. We hoped to use the logs for rollers and roll our boat up the big hill around the dam to the lakes beyond.

That night we slept deeply and the next morning bright and early we carted our cargo around the dam and started our task. We placed roller by roller under *Stubby* and slowly dragged her along. It was slow work, for although only a small boat, she was built wide and stout and a was good match for two young boys, but in about an hour she was floating in the quiet waters above the dam. We felt pleased that we had overcome this obstacle on our own.

A few miles ahead lay McHenry, and as a morning breeze pushed us on steadily, on the second day of our cruise, we felt pretty good. Bud relaxed, I relaxed, then zooom, *Stubby* leapt like a bronco, Bud nearly fell out of the boat and I jerked around to see a speed boat scudding away. This was our first taste of what we could expect from here on as it seems almost everybody from McHenry near the lake owns an inboard runabout. I think the river's hard on them for the erratic channel makes for bad knocks on propellers and shafts. Many a handsome runabout have I seen in dry dock with its shaft and propeller badly bent and twisted.

At noon the big white bridge of McHenry let us know we were approaching the first town on our trip (we'll always recall these towns by their bridges). Feeling elated at making our first port, we docked *Stubby* at the wharf of



the Bunter Boat Company and hurried ashore like sailors long at sea. Only instead of wine and women it was proud postcards sent home to our folks and a restaurant meal. We swaggared around this peaceful little town for a while, then back again, settled in our little craft we unfurled the sail and headed north toward the lakes.

The sun flamed in the sky like a molten ball of brass, the surface of the river lay shiny and still and our makeshift of a sail hung useless so into the locks went the oars and resignedly we prepared to row. Then flitting up the river after us, its dainty footprints ruffling the water came our breeze as it had lost us and seemed glad to catch up again. You can bet we were glad too.

Comfortable again up forward, I leant against the gunnel half asleep when I noticed the span of the Johnsburg bridge moving toward us. We slipped into its cool shadow and passed under, then boom, a thunderous roar knocked us out of our stupor, and mud and water showered the boat. For a moment we sat stunned, then looked to see what happened. At one of the bridge bastions near the shore, some construction work was going on and it just happened that as we came by they had set off a charge of dynamite.

We had just recovered our composure from this incident when we lost it again. Two speedboats roaring at us from opposite directions seemed bound to hit us. My mind raced over the rules of the right away. We had it but didn't feel like claiming it just then so we crouched fearfully in our boat waiting as *Stubby* was loaded deep. The boat coming up on our stern swept past safely, but the one coming toward us from ahead, driven by a girl, started us to thinking of jumping and as she passed by we weren't ashamed of our thoughts as the spray from her bow wave showered us.

Things were quiet after that until I got an idea. Knowing our thin blankets were no match for the hard ground and noticing a hayfield to port, I decided that here was material for our beds. Much to Bud's disgust, we pulled in and loaded *Stubby* with armloads of the dusty dry grass. We looked like a floating hay mow, and Bud began to give vent to his feelings on the subject as the crickets and other insects we'd picked up with the hay began exploring their new mode of transportation and its crew.

Our spirits were lifted when, with a suddenness that thrilled, the lakes spread wide before us and we slipped out of the mouth of the Fox River into Pistakee Lake, the first of the big chain. We felt like Columbus. We rowed now but that didn't bother as there were too many interesting things to notice. A long double row of buoys led across the lake marking the channel for most of the boat traffic and an almost steady hum of powerful motors came from it as motor boats foamed back and forth. Here all the people on the lake received their mail by water delivery. Mailboxes of the country type where perched on piers and a power launch was the mailman's transportation. Oh what a joy to be a mailman here.

We perceived by our trusty road map that on the shores of the next lake, Nippersink, the state had built a public camping park, so thinking it would be an ideal place to spend the night we headed across Pistakee Lake toward the narrow channel into Nippersink. Over this channel, which was about a half block long and 25' wide, passed highway and railroad bridges. Around it clustered boat sales agen-

cies and repair docks. Here were wharfs from which brightly colored excursion launches chugged in and out carrying passengers to view the famous lotus beds of Grass Lake (the next lake on). I don't think I've ever seen a busier spot than this hub of the lakes region. Hotels were everywhere and if anything was going on, like motor boat races or letting loose of Oscar, the tagged pickerel (the lucky angler who caught him on presenting the tag would get \$500 in cash and that much in fishing equipment), it was staged here.

Coming into Nippersink Lake, we pulled over to where supposedly the park was located, but it turned out to be just one of those things on a map, because all we found was a swampy shore of reeds where even a frog would have a hard time of it. This left us in a quandary, perched on top of our hay stack and perturbed by the light rain that had started to fall. We searched the shores with our trusty telescope in vain to find a place to sleep. We never reckoned that such places would be few and far between in an area that had been Chicago's playground for so many years.

In desperation we rowed towards the junction of Nippersink, Fox and Grassy Lakes. Here we were rewarded by spotting a grassy plot of trees by a swamp and happily headed towards it. As we approached, I jumped out as the water became only ankle deep and started wading towards shore. That was a mistake for after taking a few steps I plunged up to my waist in a deep hole. Bud helped me out and we laughed about it. It wasn't until later that we were told that two men had been lost on these shores, never to be heard of again for the land was of a boggy and treacherous nature.

We made camp and I spent the rest of the evening in shorts as my clothes dried. Leaning over a can of beans on the fire that evening while Bud was in the tent, I felt a presence of someone behind me and looking around started at seeing someone in this out of the way place. The man and I stared at each other for some seconds, he with a sober expression and I in surprise. It seems that we were camped in a private park entered only by fee at the gate. We showed him our boat and told him our story and he turned out to be a pretty good fellow and let us stay there for nothing. We figured he must have made some camping trips too when a boy.

Sleeping well that night we awoke to a bright day, but as staying in a resort park was not appealing to us, we set off again to find a better place. While rowing around the lakes, we visited the town of Fox Lake and sent more postcards home and filled up on more ice cream sodas.

It was that noon when we came upon the place we had been hoping for. By now back in the first lake again, Pistakee, where a fair sized stream called Nippersink Creek flowed in to it, we found it.

On one side of the creek's mouth was a picnic grove, on the wild side a huge hill lifted its acre wide back to the sky and was completely covered with big oak and chestnut trees. Being almost an island with a swamp cutting it off from the mainland, it was uninhabited save for a few discreet cows, so like long lost sailors, we lugged our duffle up the steep bank to a grassy knoll, pitched the tent, and being so happy about our good fortune, we were afraid it was too good to be true. We found out it was, for a while anyway.

Going to the picnic grounds across the way in quest of a armload of hay from the stack the owner had, provided the information that shook up of our spirits. The proprietor, who had just found out one of his cabin guests was a gangster when the police caught up to the criminal, had also been shocked by the fact that two other boys who had been staying in one of his tourist cabins were runaways from Chicago, naturally looked upon us with suspicion. He warned us against staying where we were as the owner who lived right nearby probably wouldn't like it. This was all very frightening to us, we left very much perturbed. Here again, just as we found the spot we'd thought ideal, we were stymied.

After exhausting all alternative ideas on where to go, we hit upon the thought, "why not go see this person who ate up little boys?" So, on finding out that he was a farmer who lived a mile up the creek, we leapt into the *Stubby* and began churning the waters in our anxiety to get his approval. After climbing endless hills to the farmhouse we came upon him just returning from threshing. We told him our story and almost collapsed with relief when he cheerfully gave his consent. He allowed as he almost forgotten about the place, and his only admonishment was, "Don't cut down any of the trees." We unheedingly rushed down to the *Stubby* in wild elation which proved to be the undoing of the seat of my pants on a barbed wire fence. That night at the fire with the night sounds tip toeing around us and the frogs singing in the rushes, we finally felt at home.

We spent all of the next day just loafing, making trips across the lake to a little store where we stocked up on comic books, bottles of soda pop and a souvenir pennant with "Fox Lake" sewn on in big white letters. That night our complacency was torn apart. Being ignorant about camping lore, we had pitched our tent on the bare knob of the hill. A monster storm came shrieking down from the north about 2am and we awoke to find the tent half over, and by the light of our flashlight noticed the rain didn't even bother to stop at the walls of the tent but seemed to come right through one and out the other. We shivered in pools of water until the gray light of morning dawned and tried to dry our clothes over a feeble fire, resulting in the burning of my socks.

We figured it was high time to head for home, so throwing our duffle into the *Stubby*, we pushed off and headed out onto Pistakee Lake. The whitecaps pitched and tossed our little boat and we set sail with the grey clouds scudding low over us. Wham, crack! The wind caught the pathetic square of canvas and snapped the mast at the step. Working quickly, we recovered the broken part, set it lower in the step and with human stays in the form of me bracing myself on the boat and leaning back on a line about the upper mast, the *Stubby* leapt forward like a goaded horse and sped across the lake towards the mouth of the Fox River. Swept grandly along at the speed of a small outboard we kept it up until we again hit McHenry.

A warm lunch fixed us up and we were off again. The roar of the water over the dam ahead started us thinking about what method we'd adopt to circumvent it. Naturally this started an argument. As it was only a 4' drop, Bud wanted to slide the *Stubby* over, but I being more cautious, hesitated. Finally about after a half hour of mulling around I saw the light and gave in. We unloaded the *Stubby*, and



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standing in our bare feet below the dam, gently eased her over. We spent the night again in the cornfield, the only mishap being that some butter we'd wrapped and immersed in a empty beer can in the river to keep cool had been pirated by the fish.

The next morning we started our last day on the river. The weather was fitting and with the north wind behind us, a bright sun over us and home ahead of us, we were in high spirits. We read the ship's library of comic books, nibbled piecemeal from the ship's stores, and our hearts leaped higher and higher as we passed each familiar farm and bridge. It was early afternoon, and as the excursion launch from a resort near our home passed by us, our chests puffed out as the kids on it we knew, pointed us out. Home we came on the last mile of the river past every familiar place with our "Fox Lake" pennant flying proudly at our mast (we hoped everyone was looking!)

At five o'clock in the afternoon, seven days after we had left that early morning, the *Stubby* glided up to her own pier and nuzzled her broad flat nose against the mossy pilings. We were home.

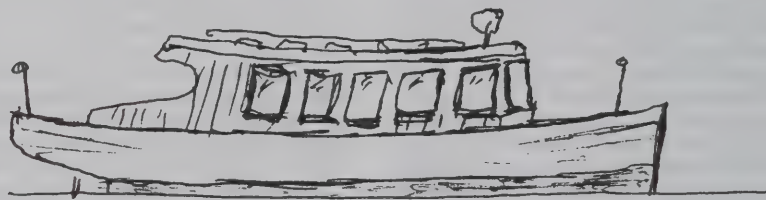
I suppose Bud French has done a number of things of a sight more exciting nature since then, and thanks to Uncle Sam I've been around a bit more too but I don't think we'll ever forget the fun we had on that seven day cruise.


## Epilog

Small boats and I have been inseparable ever since I was a kid summering on the Fox River in northern Illinois. *Stubby* went on to please others after I went into service. Early in my marriage, I found a 10' fiberglass sailing dinghy at Sears called a Roustabout. She was based on a Finnish molded boat. Named *Jelly Bean*, she carried my wife, two kids and myself safely on Lake Michigan. Later, she and I had many wonderful sails on the Atlantic out of Rockport, Massachusetts. She's now in the hands of my youngest son in New Hope, Pennsylvania, who has sailed her on the Delaware River.

Eventually, I satisfied my ambition for a big boat with a 22' Catalina named *Bonnie Bleu*. She had been brought all the way from Dana Point, California by her former owner (from whom I bought her). She had been built in the late '60s. With sail number 317, she was one of the early ones, and I had a nice visit with her designer, Paul Butler. I bought her in 1980 and sold her to a friend after a wonderful 19-year relationship. I still get to visit her.

The big boat wish was born on an early boyhood voyage in *Stubby*. On one miserable rainy morning, we pulled up dripping wet alongside an old 22' cabin launch (circa '20s?) and stared hungrily through her big plate-glass windows into her cozy interior. How wonderful, I dreamed, it would be to motor up the river warm and dry, to sleep on her leather bench seats and have the convenience of (yes) her enclosed head.





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The *Adeline* will carry visitors on short tours of Saratoga Passage as part of CWB programs at the new Cama Beach State Park on Camano Island. This new Washington State Park is slated to open Fall 2002.

The Center for Wooden Boats has received the 1941 40' fishing vessel *Adeline* as part of our living history fleet. *Adeline* will be based at our future site in the Cama Beach State Park, Camano Island. It will carry visitors, for no fee, on short tours of Saratoga Passage, giving historic interpretation of *Adeline* and identifying historic sites.

*Adeline* will also be a link with Whidbey Island, across the Passage, offering an alternative way for Whidbey Islanders to visit Cama Beach.

*Adeline* was used for crabbing in Glacier Bay for 37 years. The Glacier Bay National Park is in the process of barring commercial fishing in the Park, and through Congressional appropriation, the Park Service purchased several Glacier Bay fishing boats, including *Adeline*.

*Adeline's* owners, Otto and Chris Florschutz, urged the Park to offer *Adeline* to CWB. They hoped she would become a living display of the fisheries of the Northwest. We sent in an application stating who we are, what we would use *Adeline* for, and why. By law, the Park Service must offer de-accessed property first to government agencies, then to nonprofits, and lastly at public auction.

In due time we received a message: "The vessel is yours!" The following are excerpts of the history of *Adeline*.

Historical preservation, planning and funding has generally neglected a large group of cultural resources related to America's waterways. In the Northwest, it is not expected that many of the boats like the *Adeline* will still be around fishing in 50 or maybe even 25 years. It would be a crime to be forced to sift through the ashes trying to reconstruct this history in 50 years when we have the opportunity to preserve it now.

The first commercial uses of Alaska involved furs and mining. The Alaska salmon fishing industry didn't really start to evolve until fisheries in California, Oregon, Washington and Canada were fully utilized and in some cases overfished. By this time, the Alaskan halibut fishery was well developed, with Glacier Bay playing a very important part in its development by providing ice, chipped from icebergs floating within the bay, as well as the

## The Fishing Vessel *Adeline*

By Otto Florschutz

(Reprinted from *Shavings*, the Newsletter of the Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, Washington)

fish caught therein.

Boats would sail north from Seattle, arrive in Glacier Bay, fill their holds with glacier ice, then either fish in the local area or head out onto the ocean and begin fishing. Once fish were caught they would be packed in this ice, which would preserve the fish until the boat returned to Seattle. Dories, the small one- and two-man boats that did the actual fishing, would leave the main boat and return with fish. The main boats were almost solely owned by individuals, with some even now active in the fishery and still in the same families.

The salmon fishery, by contrast, started with family fishermen (mostly native) but quickly evolved into corporate fish traps, displacing local fishermen except in the troll fishery, which by design is an ocean fishery and impractical for traps. It wasn't until 1950 when fish traps were finally outlawed that individual fishermen again became the main harvesters of fish. In giving the harvest opportunity back to individuals and families, it created a need for boats.

Many small shipyards had been operating in the Puget Sound and coastal areas of Washington. Using wood harvested from area forests, shipwrights who had been building boats for generations in Norway, Nova Scotia and the eastern U.S. built many very fine and seaworthy boats, pioneering new methods and designs.

The construction of *Adeline* started in 1941 when the keel was laid at Eastvold Boat Works in South Bend, Washington. With the advent of WW II, work on this boat was set aside to build vessels for the armed services.

After the war, construction was again taken up, with the boat being launched in 1946. There were two built of this model. The *Adeline* was finished first, followed by the *Lorna*. Six more were then built that were one plank higher and two feet longer. All the boats were built using Grays Harbor fir, a wood famous for its boat building qualities.

The boats were built with very graceful and appealing lines. They are extremely seaworthy. Of these boats, all but one are reported to be still working, an outstanding safety record for crab fishing in the Pacific Northwest. One sank while crabbing on the Westport Bar due to gross operator error. These boats were some of the finest around for many years. They were built primarily as trollers and crabbers, small and stout for transiting the West Coast river bars.

The *Adeline* came to Glacier Bay for the first time in 1964 after being purchased by Norman "Duke" Rothwell. Duke was born in Blaine, Washington in 1920. He started fishing at an early age and learned how to work hard and smart. When WW II started, Duke was drafted and was sent to the Aleutians, where he ran a tugboat troop transport.

Before the war, Duke had fished crab in the Blaine area, where he pulled pots by hand. The war brought changes in machinery and the fishery was quite different with pots being pulled mechanically and the crab delivered dry, daily. With his new love and knowledge of Alaska, Duke and his brother headed north to fish for crab. In heading north to Cordova every year, Duke went right by Glacier Bay. I don't know what prompted him to fish there one year but once he did he didn't stop. I believe he was the first to fish there. His first year fishing in Glacier Bay he had to use old Russian charts to navigate with.

When Duke bought the *Adeline* in 1964, paying cash for it, she was a troller so he modified her for crabbing by decking over the troll cockpit and installing pot picking machinery. Duke was an astounding seaman. He found rich grounds for fishing in the Beardslee Islands, and took great care to keep it secret from all others by entering and leaving the area only at night, using no lights. Duke's seamanship and fishing skills combined with the service of a worthy boat became the talk of the fleet, a source of admiration and envy. The *Adeline* would regularly re-appear out of the rain and fog, loaded down with crab from no one knew where. The canneries in Hoonah, Excursion Inlet, and Pelican depended on Duke's crab to keep their crews busy. Duke made agreements with cannery managers to provide all the crab the canneries required if they would not buy crab from other boats, and generally, the canneries kept their agreements. Duke was, for many years, the sole source of crab in Icy Straits.

He met and got to know John Wayne, who liked to travel to Alaska and fish, pretty well. They shared drinks around the galley table on the *Adeline*, poring over charts and trading favorite anchorages.

While visiting Glacier Bay, Byron Birdsall was struck by the beauty and graceful lines of the *Adeline* and painted a picture of her tied to the Bartlett Cove dock. This painting went on to win many awards and appeared on the cover of *American Artist* magazine.

In the 1970s, Hoonah Seafood closed and the crab canning and processing line was



moved to Pelican. The labor force was comprised of mostly local management and college kids as laborers. In 1979, my wife Christina Nicholas was one of these college kids. She quickly became familiar with the *Adeline* and all the pounds of crab she delivered. Captivated by the boat and fishery she worked a deal with her boss and Duke to let her take a trip and see how crab was harvested. She was permanently enamored and made a covenant to buy the boat when Duke retired.

Exploration of the earth is done. It's all on the map. There is no place that hasn't been sailed through, walked over, poked, measured, and documented on charts, maps, books, film, songs, and legends.

However, in the dark night, in the fog shrouded bay, where you can't distinguish solids from voids, where there is no horizon, the Inside Passage becomes Terra Incognita. There are sounds that have no relevance to the charts, coast pilot, radar or GPS. The swell-induced swishing of gravel on a beach, the waterfall roar, the rusty-hinge cry of an eagle guarding a nest, the barking of seals on a rock. Navigational lights, bells, horns, and even people in boats, are few and most likely 100 miles away.

When the sky is clear and vision once again gives us sense of place and distance, there are still coves yet unnamed and fiords yet uncharted. You enter these places with the adrenaline rush of stepping into African grasslands with lions lurking about.

Sunlight, moonlight, northern lights or no lights, the Inside Passage is filled with limitless opportunities to fill you with awe, trepidation, anticipation or scare you witless. What then is it, if not a place for exploration?

The Inside Passage, technically, is a convoluted waterway, about 700 miles as the seagull flies, about 1,200 miles by vessel, between Puget Sound, latitude 48 degrees and Skagway Alaska, Latitude 59 degrees 30 minutes. It lies between the west coast of North America and a random pattern of submerged mountaintops that lie offshore. These islands protect, more or less, the passage from the prevalent swells and frequent gales of the North Pacific.

The part of the Inside Passage that is the deepest, darkest and most mysterious is north of 50 degrees. The shores are steep and bristling with towering fir, cedar, spruce and hemlock. There are no white sand beaches. The small settlements are few and widely separated. The mazes of waterways are infinite.

For 10,000 years, America's first people criss-crossed the Inside Passage in their exquisite cedar dugout canoes. These people knew it like the back of their hands. They traded, socialized and did some hardcore raiding. The Haida people regularly terrorized the Coast Salish people to gain loot and slaves. That involved paddling about 600 miles each way. How did they manage to find their destinations without written language, compass, or charts? Generation after generation passed on a memory bank of information on navigating the most complex composition of land and water imaginable. Compare that exercise in problem solving to high school students today, sweating out the SAT exams. Learning comes in many packages.

The place names along the Inside Passage are signs of who came before: Hoonah,

In 1984, Duke decided to retire and sold the *Adeline* to my wife and I. We made an arrangement with him that he would run the boat that first year while we worked and he would teach us all about crabbing, and Glacier and Dundas Bays.

Because of her long and unique history, the *Adeline* has caught more crab in Southeast Alaska than any other boat. For over a century, mankind has commercially fished the waters of Glacier Bay. Native Americans

fished there for uncounted years before the arrival of modern methods and gear. Whether one agrees with the necessity of harvesting sea creatures for food or not, the fact remains that for an extremely long time fishing has supported human life in this country. With the passage of the law prohibiting fishing in Glacier Bay, a human activity of several centuries' duration comes to a close. It is only right that an effort be made to memorialize this history.

## The Inside Passage Bringing *Adeline* Home

By Dick Wagner

(Reprinted from *Shavings*, the Newsletter of the Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, Washington)

Klawock, Bella Bella, and Klemtu; Baranoff, Kupreanof, Tolstoi, and Zimovia; Revillagigedo, Sonora, Quadra and Ballenas, Prince of Wales, Prince Rupert, and Queen Charlotte. It is a wild, untamed, off-the-edge region, yet it has been the crossroad of many cultures.

On August 7, two guys from the traditional wooden boat culture flew to Wrangell Island to pick up the 1941, 40' fishing vessel *Adeline*, donated to CWB by the National Park Service. Wrangell is one of those submerged mountaintops at latitude 50 degrees 30 minutes that is on the small side in southeast Alaska and huge in the lower zone. It is circular, about 65 miles in circumference and is filled with forests, lakes, peaks, bears, and eagles. There are about 3,000 people, mainly clinging to the northwest corner of the island, in the town of Wrangell. The late lamented television feature, *Northern Exposure*, was a clone of Wrangell in site (rugged), architecture (indigenous), motif (totem poles), and people (tough, self sufficient and generous). There are as many fishing boats as there are adults in Wangell, most are wood, and they are all kept up like prize steers.

*Adeline* was donated to CWB through the lobbying efforts of her former owners, Otto (Ottie to everyone in Wrangell) and Chris Florschutz.

Evolution gave us *Adeline*. The first commercial ocean fishing boats were small sailing vessels. Those that bought the fisherman back to port were retained and refined. At the beginning of the 20th Century small marine internal combustion engines become available and the fishermen enthusiastically installed them. Certain hull design qualities had already become standardized because they worked. After a generation of experiencing engines in the good sailboats, more specific hull design standards were adopted. The engines allowed the boat to go farther, and return with more fish. Some development of the breed was needed in order to carry more load, withstand more storms of longer duration than before, and have space for fuel and crew accommodations for a week or more.

*Adeline* represents the best qualities of a northwest ocean-fishing vessel of the 1920s-1940s. She can take you there and back. At the waterline, her entrance is hollow, with flare above, making her ride through the waves without pounding and providing reserve flotation to prevent pitching. The midship section has fairly steep deadrise (a vee shape) which reduces wetted surface and this allows more speed with less power. Above the waterline is a hard turn to the bilge, giving great initial stability. The after hull is a spoon shape, providing great buoyancy to carry the ice, fish, and fuel with an easy water exit reducing turbulence and drag. There is a full-length keel making it easy to hold a course in lumpy seas.

In action, *Adeline* lived up to her pedigree. Heading into gales she gracefully folded back the waves and carried on as if gliding across a dance floor. There was some rolling, but the rhythm was long and predictable, not jerky. When the seas were flat she left no wake under 6 knots.

We left Wrangell after a crash course in operations from Otto and Chris Florschutz, and two days on a grid, scraping, removing all bronze screens, power washing the hull, inspecting the hull, replacing all zincs, and bottom painting. We filled the tanks with diesel fuel, had the engine tuned up and took two tons of ice for the after hold to keep *Adeline* in trim. We received much help from the community, where *Adeline* was part of the fabric. The zincs and a block were donated by the Wrangell Boat Works, and the ice, tune-up, and some engine tools were donated by others. The *Wrangell Sentinel*, the "Oldest Continuously Published Newspaper in Alaska", printed a feature: "Seattle Wooden Boat Museum Accepts Historic Wrangell boat... The *Adeline* ends its fishing days in Southeast".

The daily log of our trip usually began with "up anchor" with weather overcast (75%), somewhat clear (10%), raining (10%), gale (2.5%), sunny (1.5%), foggy (1.0%). We watched the barometer assiduously and noted readings (usually alternating between rising and falling) in the log at 0800 and 2000. But the best weather prediction was from an old fishing hand in Prince Rupert, British Columbia: "If you can see the mountain, it's going to rain. If you can't see the mountain, it's raining."

Our way to CWB was a twisting path. Whatever the weather, we found visual treats around every corner. We saw a stream so tightly packed with salmon heading up to spawn that the historic image of crossing by walking over the their backs became a reality. Except in this case, we could have rolled a bowling ball across. What else? A black bear strolling to shore, looking over the selection, poking his muzzle in the stream and walking back into the rain forest jungle with a silver



salmon clamped in his mouth, head and tail jiggling on each side.

Then there were dolphins and Dall porpoise diving around our bow wave, Humpback whales arching their shining black bodies and tossing their huge double fan flukes as they headed down, golden lichen topping the tide lines of the rock collared shores, hundreds of frothing waterfalls roaring over steely cliffs from unseen lakes high above the cloud base.

*Adeline* had a future at the Center for Wooden Boats. She is planned to be stationed at Cama Beach and interpret our northwest fisheries, be our ambassador at waterfront festivities in North Puget Sound, act as committee boat for Cama Beach regattas, tow small craft and floats to sites for special events, give short tours of historic sites around Camano Island.


We had an agenda too. We wanted to check out *Adeline* in her native environment and explore the cruising potential of the Inside Passage. We left Wrangell at 0640, August 12, and arrived at Seattle at 2200, September 4. We stayed a couple of days at many

anchorage, waiting out storms or getting supplies. Twice we aided sailboats in distress. In one case, our thanks was a steak dinner, in the other, it was a \$50 donation to CWB.

Some transits were only half days because we were in no rush. Instead of taking the rhumb line course due south, we picked anchorages we could reach in daylight, either east, west, north or south. After the anchor was set and the engine turned off we settled down with a hot meal, some of Steve's patented rum-on-rum elixir and a discussion of where next. And often Steve would pull out Guy Gilpatrick's *The Glencannon Omnibus* and give a reading. Reading in the manner of dramatic. Dramatic in the manner of Gielgud or Olivier doing Shakespeare. Never mind if you don't know the Glencannon stories. You should if you have the slightest interest in the days of the tramp steamers. At any rate, Steve was not reading about Colin Glencannon, he was Colin Glencannon, Chief Engineer of the *Inchcliff Castle* with Scottish brogue and in moods of introspection, truculence and canny manipulation of acquaintances.

It ranked at the top of *Adeline's* entertainment scale except for the night of lights. We first thought we were seeing powerful spotlights shooting into the heavens. Then the dancing veils of northern lights appeared, with the spotlights still waving. It was an hour of theater even Osborn couldn't match.

The Inside Passage offers a full program of nature; beauty, inspiration, terror and awesome power. The Inside Passage gives mankind a new scale; very small. The Inside Passage tunes you in to the rhythms of nature. If you don't tune in, beware. And if one wants to study the infinite variations of gray in August, the Inside Passage is the place.



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Things were coming along nicely. The door had been fitted, along with all the pilot-house windows, the nav station was finished, studs for life raft and granny bars were in place, the wind generator mast was erected and the wires were fished, all along with countless lesser projects. One evening, after a good supper, Dennis was seated in the chair working at the chart table on some electronic gizmo. He was soldering connections and held the thing up and brought it inboard for a closer look as he touched up one connection. Oops! A small drop of solder fell right between his legs, went through that plastic like a shot, and melted a small hole in that lovely pristine ecru fabric.

Dennis stared open mouthed for a moment, then uttered a heartfelt expletive. He regarded the hole and examined it closely as the enormity of the situation overwhelmed him. Then he chuckled. Then he laughed, normally at first, then hysterically. I was understandably infected and we doubtless reinforced each other. Had we been discovered we'd have been carted straightaway to Bedlam. The flames finally subsided but still smoldered, to be occasionally re-ignited by a chance remark. The plastic was rotated and fortunately had become a bit smudged. The owner never discovered it, or if so, never said anything.

This morn I was out on the float drilling holes in stainless using a pump can of hydraulic oil for cutting fluid. Not a very satisfying task. Finished, I jumped back aboard the boat with an armload of stuff and the oil can, sitting on top of the Shopmate, made a swan dive over the edge. I called for a magnet but it is apparently the only tool we don't stock. There was concern that the oily trail creeping across the dock would lead some ticket wielding official straight to our door. Stan had only cabinet latches, the big tool place had nothing. Asking at every turning I arrived after a mile or more at a big Home Depot type place. Cabinet latches!

Next morn the owner showed up with a speaker magnet. Why didn't I think of the Google Box? Even though the oil had stopped,

Nav station table.



## Big Boat Expose & Walking Tour

### Part 2

By Jim Thayer

I proceeded to go fishing but soon stopped after bringing up lots of rusty nails and one very cheap saw.

On the 17th an Irish friend invited us to partake of a real Irish stew in celebration of St. Paddy's Day and our imminent departure. The party, held aboard an ancient Broads cruiser named *Old Scientific*, consisted of the Irishman, his lovely Italian girlfriend, another Irishman, and we three. The very tasty stew employed mutton, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, and turnips. A number (four or five as I recall) of bottles of wine were enjoyed and then several large cans of Guinness.

Dennis is a fellow of philosophical bent, and when mixed with an Irishman and a certain amount of mind-enhancing fluid, the conversation ran the gamut from enlightening to murky, animated to ponderous. There was some stuff burning which the gal referred to as incense. Country boy that I am, it took me a while to figure out that this material might account for the vacuous stare of the second Irishman. A splendid evening and I have since sent them copies of the photos.

One day, long after I had given up thinking about leaving, the owner announced that he was going to call the bridge about opening. Tower Bridge seldom opens because the next bridge is fixed and there isn't much to do in between. So why did we want to go? Well, the owner spends his summers in St. Paul. Somehow or other it occurred to him that it would be a noteworthy accomplishment to sail from St. Paul's in London to St. Paul, Minnesota. Probably never been done before. From above Tower Bridge one can see the dome of St.

Paul's from the boat. Close enough. The bridge readily agreed to open for such a worthwhile endeavor and an appointment was made for a few days hence.

Time to get a hustle on. The owner moved aboard and reclaimed his stateroom while I went forward. In port the forepeak is fine. We stored everything away and Hoovered the boat for the last time. We washed down the deck but the owner's port was ajar and his bunk a bit soggy as a result.

I was detailed to provide photo coverage and so went ashore while the boys locked out. I was on station only a few minutes before the ship hove into view. The bridge opened on schedule to the minute and I blasted away with three cameras.

We had arranged to lay to an unused ferry landing stage. As soon as we were squared away, we set off to do some sightseeing and visit a famous old pub, so famous I don't remember the name. Unaccountably it's not in my notes either. Rather than keep a log or journal when abroad, I buy a pack of aerogrammes and send one off every day. This is a very efficient "two birds with one stone" system. This is a good excuse to nurse a drink in some pub or cafe for an hour or more and keeps everybody up-to-date. Janis saves them for me.

After a half pint at the famous and very authentic looking pub, I set off on my own. Clutching a fresh loaf of bread I found myself at Southwark Cathedral. The boys turned up right behind me, evidently having sniffed my trail. There's a story behind Southwark. Seems there was this highborn geezer, filthy rich but tighter than, how would Robb put it, I wonder? Anyway, he decided to feign death, thinking that his servants would fast, thus saving on his food bill. As one might expect, the servants had other ideas and, raiding his pantry and cellar, began to party. The old boy, enraged at this affront, jumped up and began to berate them. Thinking him possessed of the devil, they promptly hammered him dead. Now for the sad part. His daughter's fiancé, hearing the news, came at full gallop to comfort her. Tragically, he was killed in a horse wreck. The poor girl founded a convent with the old boy's money and shut herself up therein. The convent eventually became Southwark Cathedral.

Leaving the boys to their own devices, I returned to the ship to find the tide running strongly and she snubbing at her lines. Her fenders had worked forward to the point where abrasion was imminent and she was snatching at her lines, distressingly so when a tour boat went by. I doubled up the stern line and worked on the fenders but was relieved when Dennis came back to do a proper job. There was an impressive standing wave out in the middle of the river. We were only a few days from peak springs, but still I didn't expect that kind of current in downtown London.

Next morn I was sent ashore to get photos of the departure through Tower Bridge. All went well and some time later I connected with the ship at a landing stage near Greenland Dock. The owner had some friends aboard for a farewell visit and shortly we were off on the great adventure.

The Thames below London has been gentrified with condos, most nicely landscaped. We got a look at Greenwich, the Millenium Dome, and finally the Thames Barrier, which keeps high water out of London. The pilot made a big thing of passing the bar-



rier but they didn't seem much interested in us. The riverside isn't developed to the extent one would expect. There is a large container port dredged off into the countryside and a few minor shipping facilities. An old arsenal and one house were the only buildings of interest. With dusk coming on, we elected to anchor in front of Southend-by-the-Sea, a big resort. There was a channel going in but it didn't look to be worth the trouble. In the wee hours Dennis got a call from his son Hugh, who was flying in and would meet us in Calais.

We planned an early start but the sole-noid just clicked. I was sure that all the fancy electronics had sent the batteries west, but Dennis couldn't buy that. Finally it was discovered that the engine ground had rattled loose. Thank goodness for an electric windless to pull in 150' of chain.

With the late start, Calais was out of reach, so we set a course for Ramsgate, just around the corner from the Thames. The Thames estuary was a staging area for convoys back in WWII and there are still a number of tall towers with liveaboard gun stations on top. We motored all day and arrived in Ramsgate near sundown in company with a couple of bright finish lapstrake fishing boats. They looked pretty serious but it's hard to believe that one could make a living with such a rig. There is a full moon tonight.

We got out of Ramsgate at 0930 headed across the channel, a bit on edge because of all the tales we had heard about the heavy shipping. We powered most of the day and didn't have any problems. The motor is well insulated so it doesn't really bother. Hugh was sitting in Calais waiting, and from time to time Dennis gave him a call with an ever later ETA. Nearing the French coast we picked up a little breeze and Dennis got sail on. We have in-mast furling and a roller furling headsail. All seems to work well.

One must go well south of Calais and then come back up the channel so it was getting dark when we arrived at a small field of moorings in front of the gate. Rather than take a mooring we anchored off to one side. There was discussion about how to get Hugh aboard so he wouldn't have to sit on the seawall until the gates opened. Some Frenchman came on the air and suggested we could lay alongside a tug lying to the wall. We upped the anchor and powered up but the boat no she go. Must be a nice soft bottom.

We soon had enough water to get loose and pick up Hugh. We then anchored on very short scope to wait for the gate. Between getting some supper and getting aquatinted, we didn't pay much attention to the boat. When the gate opened we discovered that we were drifting around. You really have to pay heed to the tide in these parts. Twenty feet makes a big difference in what's navigable.

I was up early, cruising the neighborhood in search of a boulangerie and, successful, greeted my bleary-eyed brethren with baguettes and croissants. Ah, vive la France!

Thus fortified and enthused, we set forth to provision the ship for the long voyage ahead. Luckily Hugh had a car so the scope of the operation was unlimited. We lost our way, explored some hinterland, and chanced at last upon a wine store, actually more of a warehouse. The place begged description. There were enough bottles on the tasting shelf to keep a guy going for days.

The guys soon made their choices and



Tower Bridge opens for us.



On the 0 line at Greenwich.

The Thames barrier.





went off with the shopping carts to do battle. I lingered on and the barman, called away, was replaced by the manager who, taking me for a true oenophile, brought out some proper stemware and proceeded to ply me with some of the nicer stuff, all the while expounding at length. Great listening practice.

With the Renault near bottomed out, we went looking for the Hypermarche that had been our original goal. Since England got mixed up with the Common Market, the Brits have been raiding France and going home with all they can carry. Some of them have special carts designed for cases of beer. The ferries cater to the trade with special rates and the French are set up to handle it.

Any kind of rational plan for provisioning would have led to endless discussion so everyone took a cart and catered to his own tastes. The results ran heavily to cheese, canned meats, and cookies. Dennis is an unregenerate cookie monster. The cockpit was full of comestibles awaiting some kind of organized storage.

The owner proposed that we leave when the gates opened at 0300 and anchor outside to await light. The call never came. Taking advantage of another morning ashore, Hugh and I lingered over croissants and café at a nearby joint. Get it while the getting is good is my motto.

We motored out after lunch under a bright sun and within 100 yards it began to get fuzzy. Visibility was soon down to 100' or less. About the time we got to the end of the breakwater, which loomed up out of the fog, we decided that we didn't belong out here playing hide and seek with ferryboats and such. We caught a glimpse of a pilot boat going by at flank speed.

All we had to do was find the southern breakwater and follow it home. Righto! We were soon creeping along keeping it just visible to starboard. I was on the stemhead peeling the ole eyeballs when I could just make out a tower to port. We must go right between, whoops, it's a wall. No sooner I hollered than there was a gentle grating and shuddering. Dennis immediately had her full astern, playing with the bow thruster, trying to wiggle free. There was a long moment and then with a little scraping we were off. On a falling tide she would have laid right down on the rocks to suffer the ferry boat wakes. Would have been hard on the paint. A near thing.

There we were with radar, state of the art GPS, forward-looking depth sounder, and a chart that clearly showed the trap. What to make of it? Must be a message there somewhere. We would have probably made out fine if it had been absolute zero visibility.

Luckily the gate was still open and we were soon tied up in the bright sunshine ready for another day ashore. That night we enjoyed a nice restaurant meal and next morning, more crossroads.

We had a lovely lunch lounging in the cockpit with a splendid salad, a nice white, fresh baguette, real butter (it comes from cows which, I might add, wander languidly about incredibly green fields munching the occasional daisy along with the tender grass), and a primo Camembert. Let me interject here that this is what cruising is all about. A fatal flaw of this SP2SP expedition was the time schedule. There were to be very few stops and then only a day's layover. Might as well go the cold shower \$20 bill route. Beware of people with grand schemes.

Mid afternoon we were away for real. We got some canvas time but were soon headed. Sundown saw us pounding into a growing chop on a straight line for Falmouth. In deference to my crumbling physical condition, it had been decided that I would be cook and scullery maid while the young'uns ran the ship. This would have suited me fine except that it was not an environment suitable for a delicate stomach. I have done a fair amount of bouncing around in little open boats with never a moment's discomfort, but these big boats and real ships are a different story. Time doesn't seem to help much. I remember coming up from Buenos Aires to Southampton on the old *SS Alcantra*. I never went to the rail but I wasn't my usual ebullient self either.

The owner was a cookware connoisseur as well as something of a gourmet, at least in the East Indian department. He had been taken by a pot in Calais which was indeed a beautiful piece of work except that the lid was easily dislodged. The stove was gimbalbed and worked fine most of the time, except on a really violent swing it would pinch the gas hose against the ceiling and just hang there.

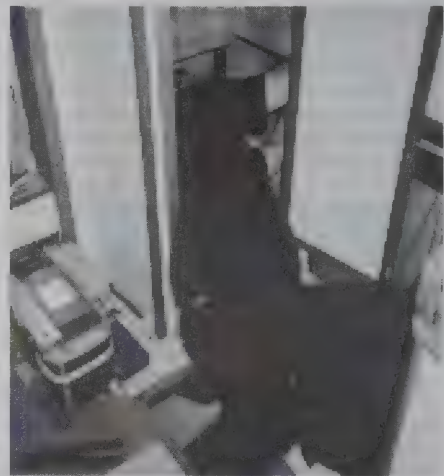
A curry was scheduled and the owner was directing. The sauce involved a heck of a lot of onions and a great slug of curry. I had some water boiling and was about to dump in a bunch of rice. The owner was aghast. Such a cavalier approach couldn't possibly result in anything edible. I assured him it was just rice and would be fine. No, it was basmati rice, required a ratio of exactly 1.5-to-1, and had to be cooked over the lowest possible flame for exactly, I forget, minutes. He was right. It turned out perfectly.

The owner was a heavy smoker, or perhaps more exactly, a heavy cigarette burner. He had made a pact with Dennis to only smoke in the wheelhouse or on deck. He occasionally sat on the top step so he could participate in the conversation and still keep his weed going. It never bothered me at South Dock or even on the way to Calais. In Calais he shipped two great bags of cigarettes. After we had been banging into a head sea for a couple of days the smoke seemed much more potent. It even seemed to affect my eyes, irritating my iassic nerve. Never heard of it? It's one of the cranial nerves which runs from the eye to the anus. Over-stimulation of said nerve often results in (forgive me) a shitty outlook.

By spending a good bit of time in the sack I kept the old tummy mollified. I only had to make two trips to the rail and they were largely symbolic as I was eating very sparingly. One morning, feeling rather chipper. I guzzled some orange juice. It tasted wonderful but

caught the tum-tum unawares. I clamped my jaws and got up to run but, too slow, I sprayed fresh orange juice through my nostrils right into the sink. Dennis paid no mind, probably thinking it some kind of exotic gargle.

The bunk in the forepeak wasn't all that comfortable. I would estimate that I spent one-quarter of my time in free fall. One could al-



Dennis's normal pose.

most adapt except that the rhythm wasn't exact and a longer pause than usual before the drop caused one to tense up.

The days were mostly clear and the nights as well. We could see light ashore and during the day got occasional glimpses of land. The main fuel tank was built into the hull and its capacity was unknown. There was a second tank higher up, but the only route to the engine was through the main tank. Transferring fuel to the main tank required Dennis to hang head down through a hatch in the pilothouse sole and fool with a hose. In a sloppy seaway it wasn't the funnest project. It happened at night, of course. I don't know why something better wasn't engineered. Probably nobody expected to be powering for three days.

It wasn't all that bad but still pounding into a head sea for three days straight dampened my enthusiasm for life on the bounding main. As it turned out I wasn't alone. While still dark we approached Falmouth, lights everywhere and the castle all lit up. It looked pretty straightforward but, still, dark is dark. I know a very seasoned sailor who prefers to come in at night. Timing the lights is easier and there is less traffic. By the time we found the marina there was light in the east.

I was standing on the pier next to Dennis when he tied off the dock line, straightened up and announced that he was through. Not just through for the moment, but through for the trip. He had been talking it over with Hugh on night watch and concluded that it wasn't going to be that much fun. I was relieved but just a little disappointed. The broad reach down to Portugal might not be too bad and Portugal has a lot to offer. Actually, it probably would have been miserable.

The owner took it stoically. We puttered around, sampled the Cornish pastries, and next day did the castle and I made a long turn around the coast. It is a very attractive place and the weather was perfect. Next morn at the crack I went along with the boys to the train and then brought back the cart.

(To Be Continued)



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Another wide transom trimmed just right.

## Small Boat Design (The End... Finally)

By Robb White

The hull of a little sailboat needs to be set up to do the job. You want to have all the waterline length you can get for one thing. A "J" boat can get away with all sorts of overhang fore and aft because the hull speed figures for such a thing ain't all that much different for thirty feet either way but with a little boat every inch of waterline counts. The deadrise situation depends on the size of the boat, too. A very small twelve footer (say 40" beam for a grown person) that can be balanced by just leaning outboard or inboard to suit the whims of the wind can carry a good deadrise all the way along and be really, astonishingly fast. But when the boat gets big enough (over about 50" wide), so you have to do the scotch-butt-wiggle to keep the rail out of the water, it is best to harden up on the bilges to give you a little more time.

The situation affects the length, too. Like I said in the planing, outboard skiff section, a planing sailboat does best if it is better than sixteen feet long. I have an old fourteen footer that will plane in less than ten knots of wind (and show its stern to any lead-bellied Hobie Cat ® in that situation) but I am waiting for the day when I start my planing sixteen footer. When the wind is doing the work, you can get away with a pretty short displacement boat and that will save weight.

A short, transom-style, very little boat is hard to trim so that neither the transom nor the bow is pushed down too far by you or y'all. The best shape for the lightest, most capable, small boat is one with a stem at both ends ("double ender" is a term subject to endless armchair discussion and I am through with that). No matter how deep you sink one of those, it is still swimming through the water efficiently until it swims efficiently to the bottom.

Which, concerning swamping, it is a common thing with very small sailboats. I like to think that I am a hell of a navigator and such a practitioner of good seamanship that I do not swamp or capsize boats, but I do. There is nothing I love more than reckless behavior. It is hard for me not to laugh at this short, musclebound, young, strutting, little, high-heeled, cowboy-booted man that I see

almost everywhere I go but I ain't that reckless... that little son-of-a-bitch would turn an old fool like me wrong-sideout. I hold them giggles until I am all the way around the corner. I learned a long time ago not to underestimate a little, mean looking man or a thunderstorm.

Back to the subject: To me, one of the finest kinds of reckless delights is sailing a boat so small that one person's weight can overpower a press of sail such that failure of a very strong mast is likely... but balancing such a thing is tricky business and it is just as common to sink to windward as it is to let the lee rail ship enough to sink the boat. So, all my little sailboats take sinking into consideration... they'll float when they are full of water. It is hard to make a little boat foolproof.

One of the best is the ubiquitous Sunfish®. You can't sink the damned thing no matter what you do and a Sunfish will outsail a lot of (none of mine) pretty sophisticated little boats in certain circumstances. The best thing about a Sunfish is how easy it is to turn one right side up after you recklessly get blown down. You don't even have to take the sail down or bail. My favorite boats are like that too in a different kind of way. They aren't decked over like a Sunfish and you can sit down in there and cut the top-hamper but they are small enough to be turned right side up with the sail still up... and sheeted just like it was when the disaster happened.

They are also light enough for me to jerk them around and slosh a lot of the water out so that it is easy to swim with the boat (it'll kind of help you with the sail if the wind is sort of right) to the beach where I can pick the whole boat up and pour the water out. I can bail them out at sea and get back in too... and then bail them out again but I like the beach-pour better. I go to sea in the big water in such boats and use them in the wintertime too, but I do not engage in reckless behavior in such circumstances. I ain't ready to die quite yet... I reef.

Considering how I use my boats (and I build every single boat for me and the lucky customer just has to tag along on the tail of the whim of the moment) I have given up on

decks and washboards in favor of open rails. For one thing, you can belay the sheet to the rail with a little, easy to snatch loose, loop of line and not have to have a cursed cleat (which has absolutely no place in a very small boat.) (and that's a period) and you can easily vang the boom down in just exactly the right place.

I used to carry a special vanging lizard hanging on the boom all the time but I got tired of that thing popping me across the lips and now I use the tail of the halyard. I just flip a bight around the boom and tie it to itself through the rail with a half, shoelace-style, overhand knot that I can snatch loose in a New York (which, I went to New York one time and ain't planning a second trip) second when I fool around and let the boat want to jibe.

You can't pour the water and sand out of a boat that is decked over along the sides either and they are hard to bail but the main reason for open rails is that side decks keep you from leaning back far enough to windward to balance the press of the sail. Sailboats as small as I like are too little to sit up on the rail and too twitchish to allow you to do the scotch-bottom trick quick enough. Leaning back and forth with the gusts is the best way to handle an overrigged very small sailboat. Which, if you are feeling reckless, there ain't nothing like a thirty pound, twelve foot boat only about forty inches wide with some seventy five feet of sail but that's some tricky business.

There are two ways to shape the deadrise of the hull of such a boat. For outright speed (and it is debatable but all of us think that such a double ended boat will plane... certainly exceeds hull-speed somehow) you can bring the bottom up to the rails in the body of the boat in a fairly steep, curved deadrise with no actual hardness in the turn of the bilge at all. You don't want any rocker in the bottom either. I never put rocker in the bottom of any boat except to pick up the stern of a transom-style displacement skiff. On double ended sailboats, we like a plank keel no thicker than the rest of the planking (1/8" including the fiberglass sheathing on both sides). It may be that the boat planes on that plank but, who knows?



One of those boats certainly planes on the plank keel when towed light, at twenty knots, behind a skiff. A boat shaped like that is hard to balance, though. Harder bilges and a flatter bottom make it easier to handle and that's a comfort but it slows the boat and I am here to tell you that no matter what all these big-time city women try to tell you, the best endeavor of mankind is not the pursuit of comfort... it's joy. Throw that damned recliner out in the yard so you'll have room to build you a little pistol bullet like I got.

There is such a thing as a good compromise boat though... a sailboat that you can row or even run a little motor on (the best is the Honda two hp... 28 pounds). I think twelve and a half feet by about fifty four inches is about the minimum for a good, all around, two person boat... about 85 square feet of two-reefed sail. This is a case for hard bilges and very little deadrise and you need to carry the shape of the middle of the boat pretty far back and pull the run up to the transom kind of quick so the boat will have good displacement back by the stern to handle the weight of the motor and operator. Even at that, you'll need somebody up in the front to keep the bow down when you run the engine.

A light boat as long as sixteen feet and six feet wide, will put its bow up too high and drag the transom with one person and an engine in the stern. If you are just on your way somewhere and can go straight in a flat calm, you can stand in the middle of such a boat and steer by standing on first one foot and then the other. I do that all the time in my planing skiff and can steer in a pretty good breeze as long as it is steady, but in a combination, displacement sailboat, when there is any wind at all, the little engine needs to be lying down in its sack... mine is my old Navy seabag. You have to pay attention to which side you lay the little Honda down on though so the oil won't run out.

The rule about the rig being easy to snatch out of the hole and stow still holds in a bigger, combination boat. You can do the experiments for yourself, but a mast sticking up really slows the boat if you are trying to row into a head wind... even the short mast of a sprit rig. I like a sprit rig for the simplicity and short spars of it, but it needs to have a sprit boom too. Make sure you snot it high enough up the mast so it will clear the daggerboard. If you get much beyond 100 square feet, the rig is hard to deal with in a little skiff when you wait too long to reef, so in a boat big enough to need more than

that (don't under-rig any sailboat... that's a pitiful way to go through life) you need to fit it with two masts... and two daggerboards. You can make the two rigs different sized and different rigs too... say one lug and one sprit.

With two small rigs, you can get away with very short, easy to stow spars but there will be so many of them that you are liable to get confused with two different outfits and make a fool of yourself in a public place waving all those sticks around. Best to stay with a sprit rig and just roll the whole thing up in one wad before you snatch it out. You can say what you want to while you are drinking the mint julip with the experts at the yacht club but a sprit sail in capable hands ain't nothing to sneeze at.... If the sail is well cut and snotted up tight, such a rig will go to windward just as well as anything.

I am going to step out on a limb here.... better than a gaff rig. I think it has something to do with the fact that all that leading edge up above the mast ain't got no spar in front of it to keep it from cutting the air. You know no bird or insect has a lump-style leading edge to the wingtip and mankind has yet to build a model airplane that will out-fly the lowly seagull. Obviously, all that is of infinitesimal importance compared to the seaworthiness of being able to cut the sail area in half and get it completely out of the way in just an instant.

The best thing about having two separate rigs is that, when it breezes up on you, you don't have to fiddle around with all them little strings and all to reef sail... you don't even have to think ahead and anticipate... you can wait until it is almost too late if you want to, because all you have to do is let the sheet fly and snatch the whole after rig out of the hole and throw it down in the bottom of the boat and then get the rear daggerboard. If the two rigs are different sized, you can switch them around just to suit and adjust the two daggerboards to balance the boat just exactly right. It is a wonderful way to rig a sailboat. No wonder such a thing was so popular among the working sailboats of long ago.

Of course most of those old working men didn't want to fool with the two cases scattered all over the middle of the boat like that. But you know, they must have had to set up the boat to carry a strong weather helm with both rigs so it would still come about when there was only one sail in the front. I would have put two narrow daggerboards in there and just tripped over the cases while I was tonguing oysters or pulling traps but then, again,

I'm not really a working man.

Those two mast thwarts ain't such a pain in the neck in a boat sixteen feet or bigger. With the two daggerboards, the bow thwart can be way up there kind of out of the way and the stern seat is actually in a good place to sit but you have to swing around the front of the mast every time you come about. Me, if I have some company to hold the bow down, I like to sit right in the stern with the short tiller to get away from the clew end of the foresail boom and.... I think I am going too far with all this explaining so I'll stop (right after I explain how to actually design a boat) but I have to tell you, I have not yet begun to tap this vast font of opinion...

To design a boat, the oldest and still the best way is to make an exact model and copy it. If the boat is going to be planked up with real stuff, carve the model out of a block of wood. There are a bunch of ways to get the molds out of the model... you can saw it up into pieces athwart each mold station and trace those cross sections onto the paper and loft from that or you can make a lift-style, half model that you can put back together and hang, flat side to, on the wall. But, I like a whole model so I can pick the best side to copy and so I can play with it in the bathtub. I used to take the lines off by cutting out little cards, by trial and error, to fit the sections. If the boat is going to be a plywood boat, you can make the model of cardboard (I used to tape them up out of cereal boxes) but a man I know who designs and builds aluminum boats likes to use Formica®.

I ain't about to explain lofting. Get your Chapelle.... I hope that the lines of that beautiful little Hampton boat are still under the paint on the concrete floor of our little house on El Yunque in Puerto Rico. I know there are probably better explanations of lofting than in *Boatbuilding* but I think, like puberty, that's a rite of passage not to be shirked.

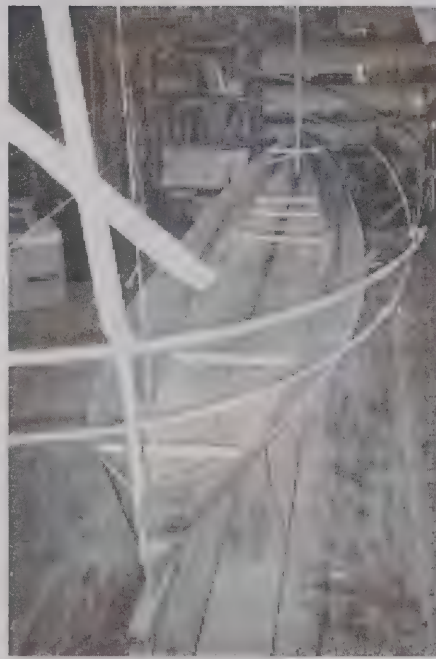
Of course you can degenerate down to my level and just build the damned thing without even a hint of a line on any paper or any molds at all. That way you can get away with whatever the wood will let you do and won't have to crawl around on the floor... and keep having to gnaw-and-scab on all those molds to fit the lines where you boogered up no-telling what, no-telling where. Just slap them garboards on the strongback and start twisting and cussing. Whatever you do, think about all the souls of the ancients breathing down the back of your neck.

Ain't nothing wrong with the looks of an old style boat.

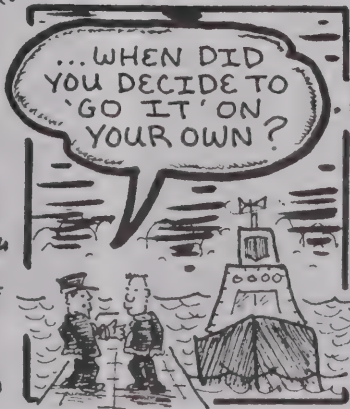




## Boat Designing



### SHIVER ME TIMBERS



by: Robert Summers







The Footy fleet heads downwind down the canal.

It is a funny old world, and here in New Zealand, what started with a mere mention in my thrice-yearly Auckland published magazine on model yachting (*Windling World*), then resulted in a flurry of design and construction activity of boats within the set specification of having to be monohull, and no longer than one foot in deck measurement.

Big men designing, then building, then racing beautifully constructed little boats classified as "Footys", may cause comments by some among the serious International class model yacht racing fraternity, that the Ancient Mariners are now taking the sport or hobby to silly extremes. The invitation from the writer, is for such people to try the minimalist approach themselves, first working out then accommodating radio gear within the confines of such a hull, obtaining good balance, and making the model really watertight: I'll wager that many will find that it is not all wine and roses, and all I can say is...if this is a toy boat, then God bless toy boats and all those who build and sail them!

When I last wrote (April 15th issue), the two Ancient Mariner Footy classics had not yet taken place, and I did at the time promise

Double winner *La Joca* all alone out front.



## From the Huey to the Cannon The New Zealand Footy Takes Off

By Mark Steele

a follow up story. What has happened since those events, is that a fleet racing programme whereby two races for the class around a set course at Onepoto Waters on the first Thursday of every month takes place, prior to bringing out the bigger boats.

I am getting ahead of myself here, let me backtrack to the two events, the prime motivating factors for the creation of the Footy. At the Onepoto facility, situated just over the Auckland harbour bridge (oops, in your case you say harbor) in addition to the main lake, there is a smaller connecting one that circles a duck sanctuary island, and leading away from that, a canal that runs for perhaps one hundred and twenty metres, up past residential properties towards its head separated from the main lake by parkland.

One day between our normal sailing (or windling as we call the leisurely non competitive, model yacht cruise style) sailing friend,

Owner/builder/sailor Des Pittams displays the Huey Writ-On Cup *La Joca* won for him.



Tom Simpson reminded the writer of the canal's presence, and I suggested an all-in-fun, cruise-style race, for then yet to be created model yachts that were of a style and size that would present a challenge both to build as well as to sail, as well as being able to pass under two existing pedestrian bridges that spanned the canal. The Footy concept was born, Tom produced a beautiful handmade cannon as a perpetual trophy, and my little magazine would go on to sponsor an annual two race series.

On the first March, the Huey Writ-On Cup race was held, nine Footy models all different in style, racing down the canal in a fresh breeze, with *La Joca* built and sailed by the lanky and likeable Des Pittams crossing the line in the main pond in twenty-six minutes, the lovely US style catboat *Kitten* of Tom Simpson second and John Stubbs' boat *Sox* completing the top trio.

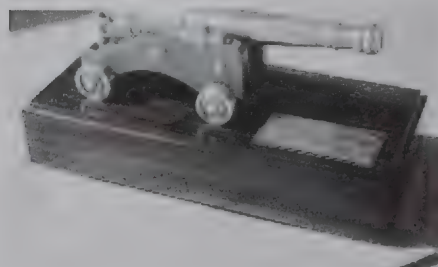
A month later, on 5th April, a slightly larger fleet of eleven boats would race for the Beyond to the Pond Trophy, and Pittams having escaped a starting area tide and wind confrontation, would go on to overhaul an early leader, the boat of Frank Morris in the canal, lose the lead again in the big pond, and then regain it once more within a couple of metres of the line, to become the Footy's first double classic winner.

What is interesting, I think anyway, is that whereas many elected to fit both steering and sail control in these models, the double winner Pittams uses a steering servo only, and his success speaks highly of not only the design and construction of his boat, but also of its balance, his sail settings and his skill. Of course luck will always come into it, as it does in every sport, but the fact that he has won both classics, and come from behind in both, must place ability and the knowledge of one's own boat high on the list of contributing factors. He was indeed a worthy winner.

Construction methods vary depending on the choice of the builder, one or two have been framed up, a few others with hulls built using the stitch and glue method out of 1.5mm ply and bereft of frames. The boats are small enough, and when finished, tough enough to use this method. Overall weights of completed boats also vary, many weighing in at round about 700gms, while Pittams' winning boat, largely because of being skinnier and not carrying sail control gear, only weighs in the vicinity of 300gms all up. If one wants to build these boats (and this applies to any model really) for the purpose of winning races, then weight-saving is all important: If one wants to just enjoy windling then weight is really not that important, sailing well and looking nice are the prime objectives.

The Footy boat is cheap and easy to build by anyone even reasonably good at woodwork,

The Beyond the Pond trophy beautifully built by Tom Simpson.





and were it not for radio gear which is expensive, there are thoughts that the boats might even be suitable for the purpose of teaching the young the rudiments of early sail, at the same time fostering an interest in model yachting.

Having said that, and from the other side of the fence, the young of today are into computers, and on a dizzy path of discovery via the internet, some into sneak-driving parents cars, here in New Zealand into a variety of sports, and finding out about girls. Yachting is not that exciting to them, and I personally lean towards the opinion that those of us in the land of the retired are better getting on with what we enjoy (and need in order to relax) while we have whatever time left to enjoy it. Kids will come back to yachting, model or fullsize in later years when the time is right for them, and when they have made inroads on other life experiences.

The future of the little Footy? Who knows? I hope that it will continue and that more people will have a go at building one, for it is quite unique, then again, I am minimalistically minded. While accepting that the opportunity to race them is not a bad thing (and I have got to say that since my little magazine sponsors the two events mentioned!), I would not like to see that aspect of use take over to the detriment of happy chappy casual sailing or

windling, with its wonderful relaxed atmosphere, camaraderie and friendship between people linked by a common interest.

I hope that the magic of the little

minimalistic approach, one foot long on the deck (Footy) boats will perhaps get you even just thinking about the pleasures and fun of model yachting.



The Ancient Mariners very first Footy fleet.

## Footy Footnote

By John Smith

I enjoyed Mark Steele's piece on the Footies in the April 15 issue. A few months ago I considered building a Footer, a Poor Boy class. It was to be just a foot long. Easy to transport.

Where I do most of my sailing, the wind is fickle and the pond has fountains. Auxiliary electric motor is a good insurance policy, and a foot long model seemed too small for the necessary equipment. So, I opted to make *Poor Boy* 23".

While I was pleased with the result, most of my models are 35". This length is dictated by the size of my car's trunk,

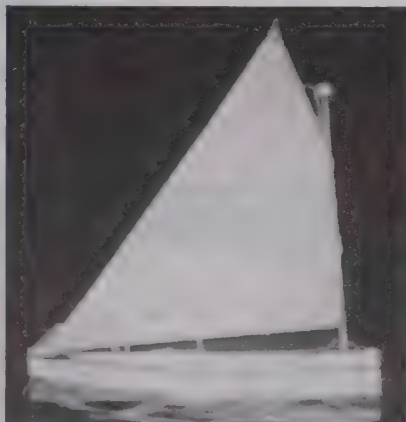
the size of the test tank (a 36" x 14" by 8") plastic storage container, and the 36" length balsa strips come in. Bigger models seem to work better, but are more difficult to transport. Life is always a compromise.

I enclose three photos. The gaff rigged boat is the 23" *Poor Boy*. The ketch with a cabin is the 35" *Wishful Thinking*. The not quite in focus ketch is the 30" *Dove*. If you

look closely at *Dove* you'll see that the auxiliary motor is a 3v toy outboard in a well. This actually works great, but these motors, which are no longer made, are becoming too valuable to use, so this will be replaced by an inboard soon.

*Dove's* sails have strips of balsa glued along the spar sides. This worked quite well, and eliminated any need for sewing. Other models have cloth tape on both sides along spar edges. I found I can put eyelets right through the fabric and two layers of tape. This also works well and eliminates gluing as well as sewing.

The 23' catboat *Poor Boy*.



The 35" ketch *Wishful Thinking*.



The 30" ketch *Dove*.





## Jon Jr



Jon Jr, at 12' x 4', is a small jonboat, sort of a personal sized boat that will take two normal sized adults. It would be a perfect "back of the pickup truck" boat. It could also be cartopped, its empty weight being about 100 lbs. To me the idea of cartopping a powerboat is a bit strained since you would need to carry the motor, with all its drips and smells, and the gasoline inside your car. Ross Lillistone, an Australian reader of my web site, presented a solution where he mounts his small outboard motor on a standard bicycle carrier that bolts to the car's tow hitch. Apparently it works fine, although my first thought when I saw it was that there must be no thieves in Australia. As mentioned earlier, if you are sure from the start that you will be trailering the boat, you might consider my 16' Jonsboat design which has a lot more capacity but is not so large that it will be expensive to build, use, and haul.

As for power, I think the Coast Guard would advise no more than about 5hp and I would agree. Sometimes you can find low powered outboards at yard sales since they are unsuited to the modern image of boating. The usual rule of thumb I've seen for power on planing boats is a horse for each 50 lbs. and motor salesmen like to quote a horse for each 25 lbs. But in the right conditions a boat with a simple flat shape can plane with less.

In the photo of the boat in operation you see it with two teens and a 4hp motor. It is not really on plane but it is trying. I have a feeling that with just one on board it would plane. By the way, often a boat like this will run faster with weight forward a bit and a tiller extension is a worth while experiment. This boat is too small for big waters anyway and a small motor will move you safely and easily in the smaller waters.

Construction is of the simplest type from three sheets of 1/4" plywood. Fastening is all nails and glue, with a smattering of epoxy and fiberglass to fortify the chine corners and help seal the water out of the joints. The prototype shown was built by Joe Leinweber and Dan Ellis down in Texas as a school shop project. Great job, boys!

Jon Jr plans are \$20.

Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254, [homepages.apci.net/~michalak](http://homepages.apci.net/~michalak)



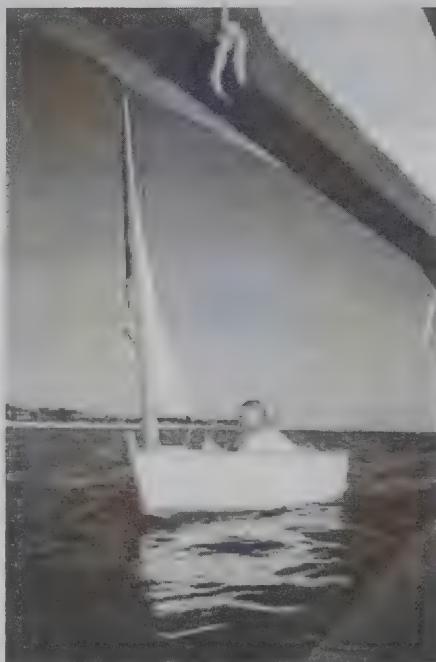
## More New Boats

By Jim Michalak

Here are two new designs for small boats that have gotten through the prototype stage into my one buck catalog of done designs. Slam Dink and Jon Jr are small, simple jobs suitable for the first time builder in that they don't require special materials or talents, a lot of space, time, or money. But small projects do have their limitations. They have limited speed, seakeeping, and carrying capacity simply because they are small. Both Slam Dink and Jon Jr would be limited to a total crew weight of about 250-300 lbs. If you weigh more than that you need a larger boat.

Here is another thought about these little boats, they can be easily cartopped or slid into the back of a pickup truck. Cartopping is getting harder since about 1990 because new automobiles have mostly lost the rain gutters to which you could clamp a solid roof rack, and the solid metal bumpers to which you can tie the ends of the boat. Short boats like these two can usually get by without the bumper ties if the roof rack is really solid. But if you decide from the start that you are going to trailer your boat, then I'm quite sure you would be better off building something larger than these, and you might as well go right to a 15' boat which will have capacity to take several adults and yet be manageable solo. Still I must admit these little ones can be fun to build and use.

### Slam Dink



Slam Dink is a tiny flat iron skiff, 7' long and 4' wide. It has a flat bottom, a pointy bow, and slightly flaring sides. The bottom has lots of rocker to keep her ends out of the water when loaded. The stem and stern will just touch the water at 400 lbs. total weight. The boat should weigh about 70 lbs. empty, so with oars and two normal sized adults Slam Dink should make do. The prototype shown in the photos was made by the Bill Moffitt kids in Stone Mountain, Georgia.

Slam Dink should also be a good childrens' boat with the warning that if it turns over there is no chance of self rescue in deep water, and that is true of any boat that does not have a lot of built-in flotation. Alas, if you build significant flotation into a 7' dink there is no room left for the crew and you lose the lightness that a successful dink must have. So they are always limited in that respect. Actually even if the dink did have significant flotation, an adult may not be able to get back into the boat from a swim because his weight might upend or capsize the small boat as he tried to lift himself aboard.

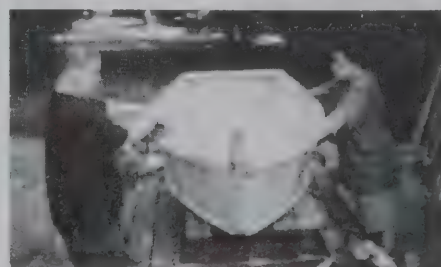
As for the sail rig, Slam Dink has my usual pivoting leeboard, only one is required because it is braced to take loads on both tacks. That keeps the interior of the hull totally open for crew. For the sail I used the old sprit rig in order to keep the mast way up in the bow. Normally I would prefer a balanced lugsail but that would require a mast mounted more in the middle of this boat, something I would avoid in such a small boat where people space is limited to start with.

Other choices which allow the forward mast position would be a gaff sail (lots of lines to hitch up so not really a great idea on an impulse boat) and a lateen sail (a very long yard needed to get proper sail area). The sprit rig is probably the easiest to stow, having short spars and the mast tied right to the sail. No special fittings required, it's all wood and cloth and rope. The rig shown has both upper and lower sprits and I'm quite sure both are needed to set this sail well on a short boat.

I'm also certain that stiff spars are needed for proper sail shaping in higher winds. The sprits must be set up hard to prevent sail twist, and the mast must not bow too much under the strain. The sail made by the Moffitts is of polytarp, very stiffly reinforced around the perimeter and shaped with one dart that radiates from the tack and another that radiates from the throat. It has proven quite successful.

Construction is of the old fashioned glue and nail variety with just a smattering of fiberglass/epoxy to help seal the corners. That makes it a good first timer project, as does its small size. The downside to a short curvy boat like this is that bending the wale and chine sticks into position can take patience. Slam Dink will be an inexpensive project being made from two sheets of 1/4" plywood, including the sailing bits.

Plans for Slam Dink are \$20.







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We published an account of the Topaz design in Vol. 16 #5 of *MAIB*, July 15, 1998. She was a custom design intended for day trips and overnight cruises in Long Island Sound and neighboring waters. She was designed as an affordable (to build and to operate) "picnic boat". She had to be home-buildable by an experienced amateur, trailerable with a fairly modest rig, able to cope with moderately rough water, with a high enough cruising speed to range fairly widely in a day or a weekend. While long she's narrow enough to be easier to tow between trailer wheels to a maximum foot-print of 33' x 8' overall on civilian plates in Massachusetts. Last issue we reviewed Brad Raby's impressive rendition of Topaz, the first realized boat to the glass-house/light-cruiser configuration running.

The open utility version shown here was designed for a European owner-builder who will use her initially on the Thames River, where the no-wake feature of the design is especially useful. She may be used also on the French Riviera around Monaco, where she'll make an interesting contrast with the Rivas and such. She'll need some shade in those parts, which we would supply with a couple of slow-speed beach umbrellas staggered, aft on one side and forward on the other to encourage a balanced load; likely a soft-top matching her style is readily conceivable as well.

The main advantage of this center-forward layout aside from its comparative simplicity is that eight or ten, or more, people won't feel crowded while the boat trims reasonable cleanly without dragging an overweight aft cockpit around in the most embarrassing attitude of many presumably stylish craft nowadays, bogging down in their own waves and plowing up heavy spray; going long, lean, lower power and thus lighter has its distinct advantages. The likelihood of an occasional heavy load is one reason why she should not have a higher, self-draining, cockpit level. It would raise the passenger weight too high for our comfort, and also much reduce her reserve buoyancy since, as with all self-draining boats, the effective and reliable freeboard is only to the scupper level.

A powerful automatic bilge pump is a much better arrangement combined with a photo-voltaic panel, or with a tarp or a tent for when she is left unattended for long. There is plenty of dry and secure stowage forward, plus a lot of not-quite-so-dry stowage under the benches. Unlike the light cruiser version with built-in fuel, water- and holding tankage, the plain carry-on and hook-up on-deck fuel tank solutions quickly located on Topaz Spyder's self-draining motor deck will simplify plumbing exercises, with that same area holding mucky boots, smelling fishing gear, and perhaps an air-tank or two for dives over her fold-down stern platform.

Overall, compared to the light-cruiser/glass-house Topaz reviewed last issue, this is

## Bolger on Design Topaz Spyder Design # 650-2

31' 4" length overall,  
 7' 4" breadth over rub moldings  
 7-9" hull draft loaded  
 21-23" with motor lower unit lowered.

a significantly lighter boat on the same hull, certainly faster to assemble yet, and still more economical to run. We'd try her with a 50hp to see how she and you like her. Worrying about making 20+ knots with a full-load in a day-boat seems less plausible to size your power-plant to than the more usual smaller crew. She is after all meant to be a moderate planing speed craft with good looks to a smaller budget of assembly time and hardware. Anybody shooting for more speed than low twenties with whatever power-plant would not have our blessings without a serious testing program of this light, narrow and simple hull-shape.

On his prototype Topaz cruiser Mr. Raby has a 75hp Honda and reports a speed over 20mph. He was impressed by her gentle wake at all speeds, which allows her to get around faster in restricted waters than boats that can outrun her in the open. He's of opinion that on his light-cruiser version 75hp is more power than she needs for his purposes, good to hear this practical sober assessment for a change, in such contrast to more-hp-is-better sales-pitches. We gave 75hp as the maximum power the cruiser should have, and drew a 50hp Yamaha T-50 high-thrust on the plans. For the Spyder we'd propose 50hp to sightsee,

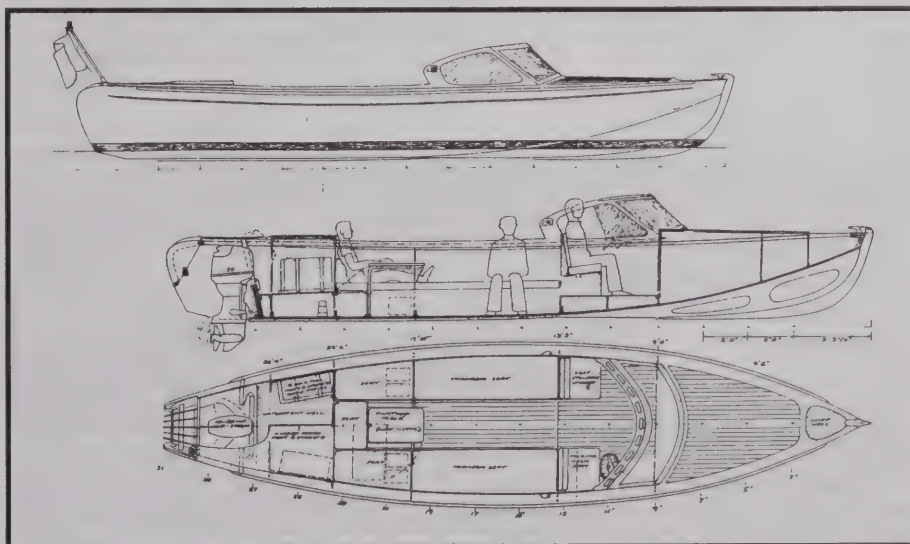
amble, be seen at a mild 12-14kts cruise at a low enough rpm to take advantage of the four-stroke's good reduced speed economy and gentle purr, topping out in the high teens.

A further option yet to be put on to paper would be a low full-berth length cuddy just ahead of her slop well, just deep enough for tortured private changing of attire, a porta-potti, and quick hard-shelter from down-pours or just bugs for the occasional overnighter.

Given a gleaming finish this boat won't give away much in elegance to either the traditional Thames launches, or to the Riva types around Monaco. We'd build her hull out of plain-Jane marine ply under glass, paint her white, but then use a stock teak and holly plywood of 1/4" over 1/4" plain ply for foredeck and sole to impress with under a "deep-pool" level of varnish, and use a matching veneer varnished plywood for the windshield frame and cockpit coaming with nicely radiused beautiful edge-grain showing; even with the teak-and-holly ply (Boulter Plywood in Somerville MA) king-plank dreams etc. can be pursued using a matching plywood frame cut out exactly to drop in a well-proportioned section of teak/holly. Any small shop builder could produce "classic" dayboats without the retro methods and six-digit price-tags palatable to just a few.

However finished, she's likely to do well both in less-than-ideal conditions and circumstances, to say nothing of affordability (or environmental responsibility). There is no virtue in paying more than is really necessary. It's even better to build something in your backyard most people would assume is unaffordable.

Plans of Topaz, our Design #650, including the Spyder version #650-2, are available for \$250 to build one boat, sent priority mail rolled in a tube from: Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



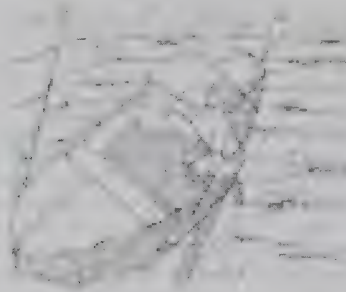


## Water on the Outside

A heavy downpour had flooded *Squeak*'s open cockpit. An open hatch caused additional flooding. From that point on more flooding occurred in a whole series of events. If Stephen had stayed in the cabin with the hatch closed, would it have changed all that? We don't know, my guess is that it would have, but that's only a guess. We'll never have that answer, so just to be on the safe side, let's see what precautions we might take to avoid a flooding situation.

A swamped or flooded boat doesn't act like a boat at all, it has lost its stability. Submerged it acts in very strange and undesirable ways. It is certainly possible to swamp a boat beyond recovery.

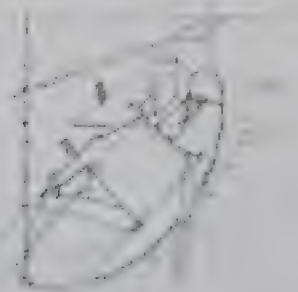
If the boat has flooded to some degree and you attempt to board it, this will lead to further flooding. Tipping the boat or adding any weight on top of the boat causes more water to pour in.



The idea then would be to minimize any flooding. The first thing that should be done is look at any possible cause of the flooding. Once they are found a few precautionary steps will prevent major flooding. A boat can have two types of cavities, an open one or a closed one. One is like a jar with the lid off; the other is like a jar with the lid on. Both can present their own set of problems and both have to be dealt with in total different ways.

The following sketch shows some steps being taken aboard *Squeak* to prevent flooding it shows a good solid cover that is placed over the cockpit. (Shown is a tent-like cover, actually a flat cover with no opening on the ends would be better.) The arrows indicate possible flooding locations. They are any hatch opening and the cockpit.

Note: Later we'll look at scupper designs and possible eliminate the need for a cockpit cover.



Then all hatches are battened down against seals. If maintained in that condition, flooding is unlikely.

How many times have you heard people say, "if only I'd only closed that hatch." You must limit the amount of water entering the

## Capsize, a Study of an Adventure

By Don Elliott

### Introduction

This is Part 8 of a series of articles which began in the March 1 issue which will be an interactive study of a small boat adventure, an analysis of events described in Chapter 12 of Stephen Ladd's book *Three Years in a 12' Boat*. Each article will include a question or questions for interested readers to consider answers. Suggested answers will be included in the following articles.

The purpose of this series is to look at the problems facing people who go off adventuring in small boats. Stephen's boat was self-designed and self-built. Was it designed correctly for the conditions it might face? That question is the focus of this study, to look at not only Stephen's boat but also design aspects of all boats used for such adventures.

Safety of the boat and its crew must be the very first thing any small boat designer must consider when he designs a boat.

boat, always. At no time should these hatches be opened if there is a chance of flooding. What would happen if a knockdown or capsize occurs while the tent and hatches are in place? No flooding should occur. Also, as the boat rolls over it will not scoop water into the cockpit area. Once water is allowed to enter the cockpit, its removal can present problems. To remove it, the boat must be able to support your weight while standing in the cockpit. If it won't, more flooding will occur. If the cockpit were flooded, how much water would you have to bail? Think about 200 buckets or more.

As you can see, if the above precautions are taken you might not need any flotation at all unless, of course, you knock a hole in the hull. If that occurs you'll definitely need flotation. If the boat becomes flooded through neglect you will definitely need flotation.

There are three sound reasons for carrying flotation aboard:

1. To keep the hull above water so it can be bailed if flooded.
2. To keep the hull in a position so if holed it can be repaired.
3. And finally, the most important is to use flotation to position the hull to make it easy to right.

Questions: Which is the greater threat, a capsize or a collision? Which is more likely to happen, a capsize or a collision? What is the most important piece of equipment to have aboard in event of a serious collision? What is the major concern of a collision?

### Odds Are

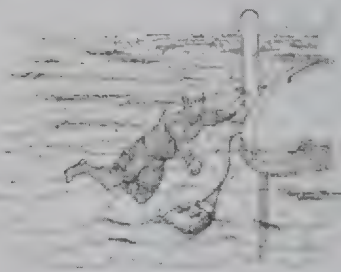
*Squeak* carried Stephen on his journey of 15,000 miles. How many times did *Squeak* go over? What were the odds of a capsize? What were Stephen's odds of a collision with another vessel? Which one would be more likely to happen? The answer might surprise you.

Alan Phillips wrote a book called *Din-ghy Cruising* and he describes it as a manual

for camping and sailing in small open boats. He and his wife had cruised the five Great Lakes over a period of 10 years. They covered thousands of miles and never came anywhere near a capsizing their Wayfarer. He states, "much thought and preparation should go to guarding against a capsizing, but such an accident is extremely rare and is nowhere near as high as the risk of collision with commercial craft."

Note: *Squeak* can capsize with no warning whatsoever. So, Alan Philip's caution on preparation should be taken seriously. Coastal waters are used by local traffic at all hours of the day. In some areas they can be heavily used. Fishing boats cruise the early morning hours, high speed pleasure craft are always a danger to a small cruiser, and large barges swing into your path with little regard to your safety.

If your little cruiser is sheared in half by one of these menaces, flotation will not help you recover your craft. You might cling to the pieces and hope that the fool might stop to help. If he doesn't, you are there until someone else picks you up. Your Survival Pack (you have one, right?) should contain warm clothing, an EPIRB, some flotation material, and it should be tied to the boat. Hopefully there is room aboard for a small inflatable raft. There is no solution to that type of collision. So the best we can be prepared for is minor hull damage.



What part of the hull structure is most likely to be damaged? How large will that damage be? Will it be able to be repaired so that you can press on? Can the boat, if well designed, sail on under minor damage? What are the odds of a particular area being more likely to be damaged than another?

Of course the major concern of any hull damage is flooding, the other is disabling the operation of the vessel.

If flotation has not been installed or installed incorrectly, you will be dealing with major problems while flooded.

*Squeak* could have used more flotation. Why is that? If you recall when *Squeak* was flooded it was impossible to board the boat and impossible to bail it out due to being almost totally submerged. Its flotation was only adequate to keep it barely afloat. Stephen's added weight on top of the sunken hull only pushed it deeper in the water.

*Squeak* had not been holed, only flooded. If it had been, Stephen would have had another problem to deal with.

The next section will study flotation.

Questions: What is the main consideration when installing flotation? Where should flotation be located to do the most good? How much should be installed? Can flotation have a negative effect?



*Squeak* could have used a little more flotation material. But to be fair, would you ever think your boat could be completely flooded? You can see it can happen given the right circumstance.

Is what's the best material for flotation a matter to be left to an opinion? Can we only decide on that material by just personal preference?

bad can that collision be? What area is the damage most likely to occur? Should we plan to have enough flotation to float the boat if swamped completely as *Squeak* was? How high do we want the boat to float if swamped, a little bit, half in and half out, or out of the water? That determines the amount of flotation material required.

Another big question is where should that flotation material be best located. What criteria will determine what is best? Is it to float the boat so it is easy to bail, or to repair or some other criteria?



What then is the main consideration when locating that flotation material aboard a small beach cruiser? The main consideration of flotation is that it will not interfere with righting the boat. In fact, it should be designed to aid

The sides of the hull should be high enough that water will not flood into the cockpit when swamped. The amount of flotation should be enough to allow the boat to be bailed easily upon righting the boat. These are just some of the requirements, there are more.

The questions in this section are: Which flotation material should be used on a small beach cruiser? How much should be used? Where should it go on board? If holed, where is that hole most likely to occur?

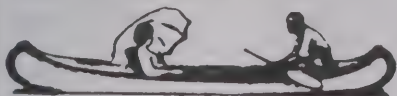
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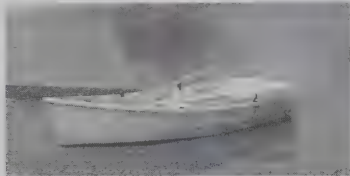
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## Whatzit ?

By Chuck Wilson

If you are just going fishing or transporting the queen up the Nile and not racing around a closed course, a dipping lug or a lateen rig is a nice simple sail to move things along. But short tacking is a necessity sometimes, so I have wasted hours, off and on, thinking about sail configurations (is it really a waste thinking about boats ?).

One day while looking at sketches in *MAIB* of exotic rigs, it occurred to me that swinging the luff spar from the top of a short mast, keeping the spar aft of the mast, had some interesting possibilities. By controlling the butt of the spar by a track or rail and some

tackle the sail can be tilted to any any angle (within the limits of the curved track/rail). The radius of the track/rail is the distance to the hinge point at the top of the mast, of course.

Photo 1 shows the general arrangement.

Photo 2 gives more detail (the tackle was added later).

Photo 3 shows the boat heeled but the sail vertical. I would think this would provide a little more drive, also, with the sail over the hull it minimises the sail's tendency to create excess weather helm.

Photo 4 shows the butt hauled to windward in light air thus allowing gravity to pull the sail to its proper shape.

All of the above is very interesting and a good example of messing about, but my question is: What is it? Would you call it a Latilteen, or Tilteen or just a Whatzit?

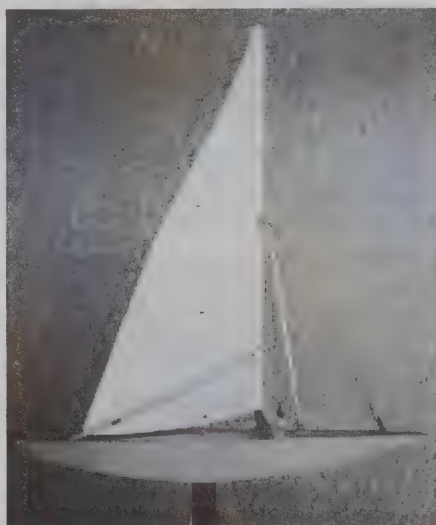


Photo 1

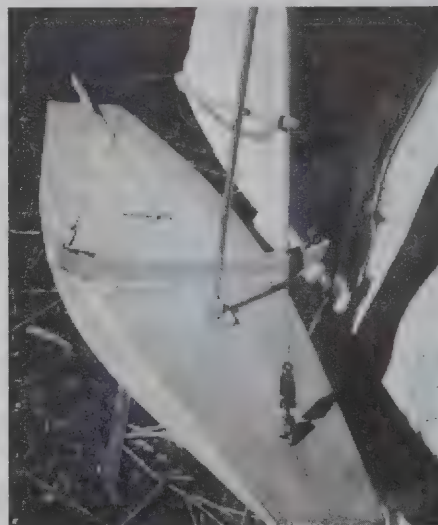


Photo 2

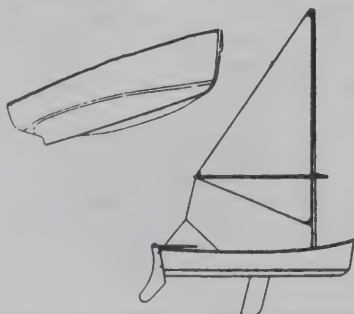


Photo 3



Photo 4

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Tipping over in small sailboats is always undesirable, but, if the boat does not turn entirely upside down (turn turtle), the situation often can be remedied by quickly climbing over the side, standing on the centerboard or daggerboard, gripping the gunwale, and leaning backwards. This generally rights the boat, after which, taking down the sail and bailing vigorously, usually makes it possible to resume sailing.

If the boat turns turtle, a much more serious set of problems quickly can arise. For one thing, everything loose in the boat tends to fall out of the boat and, if they can't float, to the bottom of the body of water on which you are sailing. Several years ago, I was sailing a Snipe in Burnham Park Harbor in Chicago, and a vortex gust coming around one corner of the McCormick Place Exhibition Center tipped me over. I had my wallet, spectacles, and other things in a covered cookie can that was designed to be lashed to the boat, but had not had the presence of mind to secure the tether. Everything went irretrievably to the harbor's bottom.

Because the Snipe had a wooden mast, I was very much surprised that it turned upside down. I had assumed that a wooden mast would float enough to prevent the boat in which it was stepped from turning turtle. What happened was that wind blowing on the bottom of the Snipe caused the boat to drift to leeward, water caught in the sail, and the turtle turn occurred. The experience freed me of the delusion that a safety factor lay in a wooden mast.

Another experience that I had turning turtle occurred in a Flying Junior (FJ) that I purchased some years ago. The FJ is a 13' sloop originally designed as a trainer for teaching people how to sail the Olympic class Flying Scott. It has an aluminum mast. Because of its exceptional ease of sailing and seaworthiness, it became a class in itself, and the mainstay of many college, university, and other sailing clubs. I have had many fine sails with the FJ in the Thousand Island region of the St. Lawrence River.

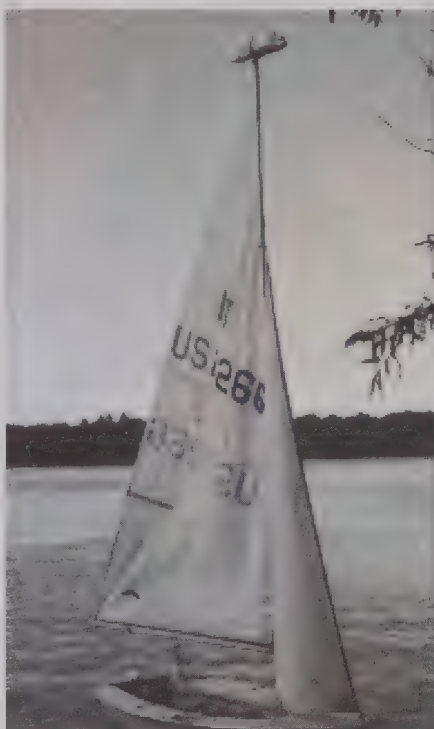
However, on one windy day, when I was sailing alone through a channel between two large islands out into the eastern end of Lake Ontario, during a tack, the mainsheet fouled on its swivel pulley/clamcleat fitting, and I tipped over. Almost immediately, the FJ turned upside down. While this situation might have posed an interesting challenge had I been in my teens, I was in my late 60s, and simply did not have the strength to right the boat or otherwise cope with all of the problems.

Fortunately, there were a number of people picnicking on a dock on one of the islands, several of them noticed my predicament, and they came out in a power boat to rescue me. They towed the boat and me back to the dock, introduced themselves as members of the Kingston, Ontario, Yacht Club, and proceeded to right, and bail out, the FJ. On noticing that the flotation chambers had not been adequately corked and were flooded, they emphatically observed that I was sailing an unsafe boat, a criticism that was fully justified. The next day I changed the mainsheet pulley so that it would not swivel 360 degrees and foul the sheet, and solidly plugged the flotation chamber drain holes.

These experiences turning turtle made me thoughtful about how to prevent small sailboats from doing so. In looking through a cata-

## A Masthead Float

By Bradford Lyttle



log distributed by Murrays, a California company that sells catamaran, windsurfing, and other kinds of sports gear, I noticed masthead floats that could be attached to the tops of catamaran masts. These were important safety devices. Once it has turned turtle, a catamaran can be much more difficult to right than a monohull. The floats were made of molded plastic, teardrop shaped, and were of two kinds. A large version was mounted on ball bearings and had a fin at one end that would keep it pointed into the wind. The smaller float was simply streamlined, and did not rotate. In studying the floats more, I noticed that they were rather heavy, weighing several pounds, and somewhat expensive. While they might have been ideal for catamarans, they probably were too heavy for the small monohulls that I sailed.

Therefore, I set about to design and build a masthead float suitable for my boats. The main body of the float consisted of two 1.5 gallon bleach bottles. I then made a 3/4" square oak piece whose length was the same as the diameter of the bottles, and down the center of the piece drilled a 5/16" hole. I had noticed in a boat equipment catalog that it was possible to purchase small ball bearings that would not rust and had purchased two of these that were 3/4" in diameter and accommodated a 1/4" shaft (thermoplastic ball bearings with glass balls, available from McMaster-Carr Supply Company). I then drilled out the ends of the oak piece to accept the bearings with a snug fit. Next, I fitted a 1/4" stainless steel rod about 30" long through the bearings. I held the rod in place with stainless steel collars secured with Allen head setscrews.

After removing the rod, I made two nearly half-circular pieces of wood, which, when epoxied to the oak piece, made a disk

with the same diameter as the bottles. For strength, I thickened the West System epoxy with silica powder. Using epoxy thickened in the same way, I then cemented the flat ends of the bottles to the disk.

Next, I made an aluminum fin and epoxied it to the end of one bottle. This gave me a float that would turn and point into the wind.

Calculations indicated that, since such a float would displace about three gallons of water, it should produce a buoyancy of approximately 25lbs. It seemed to me that this should prevent the masthead from sinking. However, it also was apparent that, once the boat had tipped over, the shock of the float hitting the water easily could break the epoxy glue, and the bottles would float free. Therefore, I lashed the bottles and wooden parts together with nylon string. Even if the float disintegrated, its major parts still should produce buoyancy. I drilled two holes in the free end of the stainless steel rod and screwed the rod along the top of the FJ mast.

This float is much lighter than the commercial catamaran floats, and cost only a few dollars; the main expense being the ball bearings. I have used it for several years, and have not noticed that it significantly affects the way in which the FJ sails. I have not tipped over with it since it was on the boat, but have reason to believe that it will prevent the boat from turning turtle.

After the second summer of use, the bottles broke away from the epoxy securing them to the disk. My guess is that the plastic of the bottles constantly flexed slightly and gradually pulled loose. I then re-attached the bottles using clear 100% silicone sealant. Since the silicone is flexible, I expect that the bottles won't pull loose again. However, were I to make another float, I still would begin with silica-thickened epoxy as the material with which to cement the bottles to the wooden disk. The thickened epoxy, although it did not last indefinitely, did create seats into which the bottle bottoms fitted snugly. This made the silicone hold better when it eventually was used as the adhesive.

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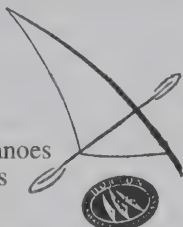
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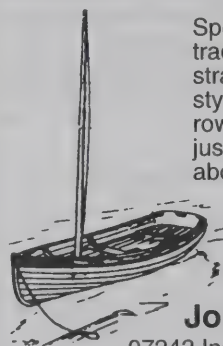
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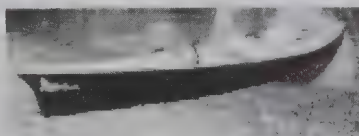
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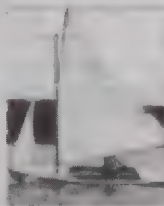
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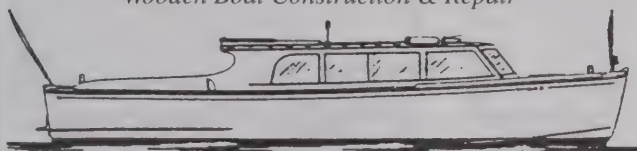
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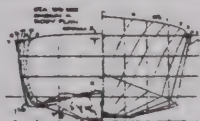
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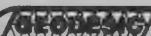
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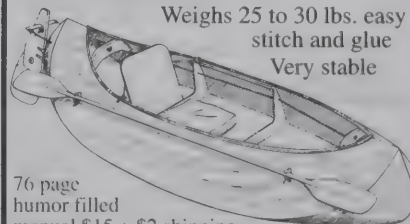
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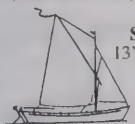
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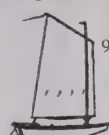
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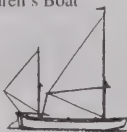


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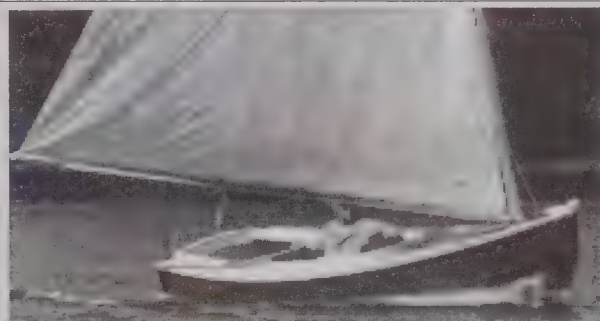
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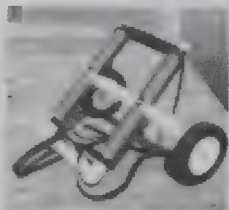
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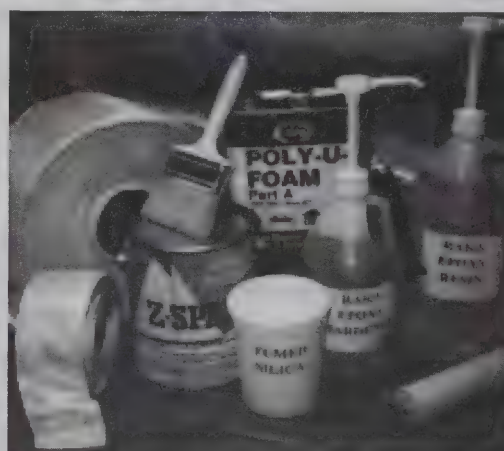
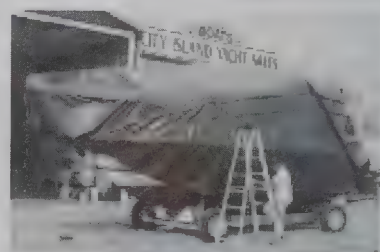
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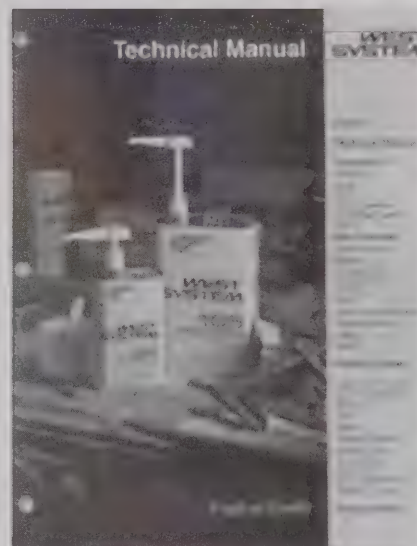
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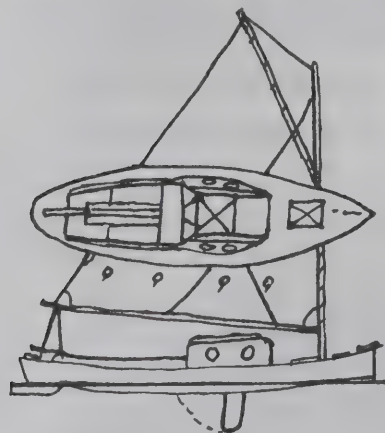
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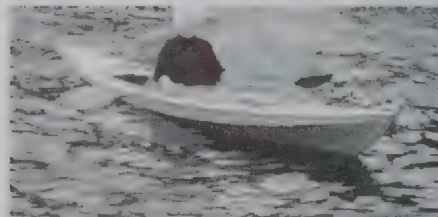
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**'69 Bristol 24**, LOA 24'-7", beam 8", draft 3'-5", disp. 5,900lbs. Colors: Hull dark green, deck Bristol beige, topsides white, interior cushions green-blue fabric. Sail rig: '95 tanbark stackpak full batten main w/lazy jacks, '95 roller furling Genny, '95 white working jib, '79 spinnaker w/pole, main sheet traveler. Bottom: 7 coats W.E.S.T. barrier system. Teak cockpit grate. Below: Insulated, compl wooded, new wiring & circuit breakers. Equipment: VHF, compass w/light, new digital depth finder, speed w/Sumlog, Danforth w/chain & rode, SS sink w/foot pump, fire-extinguishers, bow & stern pulpits, lifeline w/2 gates, 9.9 Yamaha 4 stroke '89 w/tank, 5 jackstands, porta-potty & icebox, electric & manual pumps & shore power, 30amp.  
JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268. (05)



**16' Sea Skiff**, 6' beam, epoxy/FG over plywood. Under constr, available June 2001. Blt right to last a lifetime. \$1,650.  
BILL GREENOUGH, Newington, CT, (860) 953-4410. (05)



**16' Dbl Paddle Canoe**, Herreshoff designed, Lowell blt. Pine over oak, FG bottom, bright interior, sheerstrake, folding seat. Well maintained. Cover. \$2,500.

JANE MOODY, Newburyport MA, (978) 462-4470, <janemoody@aol.com> (05)

**10' Porta-Bote Folding Boat**, brand new, never used. Best folding boat available, folds to 4" flat, 58lbs. 8 yr warranty remaining. Holds 4, row (oars incl) or motor. Cost \$1,200, sell for \$575. See it at [www.porta-bote.com](http://www.porta-bote.com).

JOHN SPENCER, Topsfield, MA, (978) 561-1182, <jkspencer@mediaone.net> (05)

**15-1/2' Marshall Sandpiper Catboat**, '80 cuddy model w/2 portlights; lazy jacks; jiffy reefs from cockpit; seat cushions; boom tent; sail cover; aluminum spars, painted of course; brightwork bright with Cetol; '86 3.5hp Tohatsu w/few hrs; '88 Load-Rite galv trlr w/low miles, spare wheel & tire. \$8,000.

Mat Leupold, 246 Old Connecticut Path, Wayland, MA 01778-3114, (508) 358-4897 (207) 636-1380 7/7-7/29, <matleup@aol.com> (05)

**Restored Wooden Penguin**, #7990, blt '65 (F.Kaiser). Hull & spars stripped, sealed & varnished (3 coats). Tilt trlr. \$975.

RICHARD ELLERS, Warren, OH, (330) 399-5237, <Geerichard@juno.com> (05)

**10' Sailing Boat**, exc cond, ready to go. Tlr incl. \$950 firm. **15' Trimaran**, w/cuddy. Gd cond, nds a little work. \$1,500.

GEORGE HAGGERTY, Jacksonville, VT, (802) 368-7437, <swewater@sover.net> (05)



**Hampton Flattie Skiff**, 16' classic wooden daysailer. Always indoors on galv trlr. Built to Howard I. Chapelle lines & specifications. Exc sailing characteristics. \$6,000OBO.

PAUL CASSARINO, Windsor, CT 06095, (860) 688-5562. (05)





**15' Lyman, '55 Fobscottle** is for sale! This outstanding boat has new mahogany decks, new wiring, & new battery. Copper bronze bottom, raised letters & comes w/nice trlr. Near showroom quality & is the most comfortable perch fishing boat you will ever find. A '67 35hp Merc will skim you across the water at blistering speeds and was professionally tuned and re-hosed last year. With 2 Lyman's & college tuition something had to go. The price is fair and firm at \$3,000. Located near its birthplace on the shores of Lake Erie. (Featured on the March 19, 1999 cover of *MAIB*)

GORDON BROLLIER, (330) 528-0116. (04)

**New Sunrise Dory Skiff**, 11'4", 4'6" beam. Jay Benford design, mahogany & okoume constr. Breast hook, knees, rub rail, transom & seats finished bright, topsides navy, inside buff, bottom red. 2 rowing stations. 85lbs makes cartopping easy. \$1,200. **'87 Susan Skiff**, 11'3", 3'10" beam. Bld by Rockport Apprenticeshop. Cedar lapstarke on oak, bronze fastened. Compl restored & setup w/new spars for sprit rig. Sail in gd shape. Designed by R.M. Steward for *The Rudder*. \$1,100.

JOHN LARRABEE, Orland, ME, (207) 469-2670 aft 6pm, <johnbl53@yahoo.com> (04)

**Poulsbo Skiff**, traditional small craft of the Pacific Northwest. 18.5' bld in Poulsbo, WA by Robert Young c. '60, cedar over oak, mahogany decks & transom, new '99 Shuang Niao 15hp 2cyl 4-stroke water cooled diesel IB w/only 40hrs, barn door rudder, '90 Spirit trlr. Asking \$8,000 or will trade for Adirondack guideboat & cash or pr of sea kayaks & cash (I'm open to suggestions).

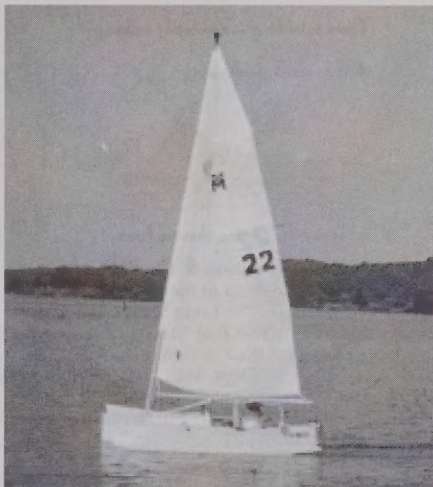
VI BEAUDREAU, 7 Peppercorn Ln., E. Granby, CT 06026, (860) 658-0869 eves & wknds, (860) 547-6303 wkds, <vbeaudreau@hotmail.com> (04)

**Mud Hen Gaff Rig Catboat**, '86, 17'x6", seats 6 adults. Draft 6" board up, 3'6" board down. Tabernacle mast, dodger, sail covers & teak seating. Evinrude 4hp '96 OB in well, nice galv trlr. All in vy gd cond. \$4,200.

TOM HEAD, Lewes, DE, (302) 945-1926. (04)



**GJAC**, Matt Layden designed sharpie coastal cruiser, 14'5" x 4' x 1", ballasted for stability, 100sf standing lug in gd cond, roller reefing & furling, scull & push pole, leeboards & kick-up rudder. Some cruising gear incl anchor, chain & line, cooking gear, fenders, extra line. Galv trlr w/new wheels & tires. Consider all offers. Located in CT. DON MUSANTE, Groton, CT, (860) 448-3615, <DGMusante@aol.com> (04)



**3 Meter Trimaran**, Marples design, trlr.. \$975. DOUG MACNARY, Knoxville, TN, (865) 927-6954. (04)



**19' Rowing Dory**, FG grt rowing & family boat, gd cond w/trlr. Easily outfitted w/ob well. \$1,200 OBO. GLENN HARRINGTON, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-7116. (04)

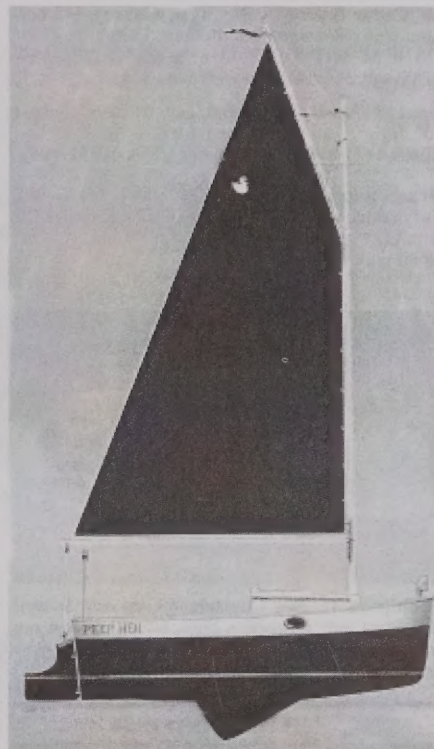
**Sailboat, Catamaran Supercat 19'**, '84 in exc cond w/new sails & trampoline. '86 gav trlr w/new tires & storage boxes. Plus accessories. \$2,200. ROBERT WILLIAMS, Powhatan, VA, (804) 598-6286. (04)

**Klepper Master**, 12' German made folding sailboat, 15' mast, 4' beam, folds into 4 bags, incl beach cart. Boat in gd cond, sails fair to gd. \$3,600. FRANK CLOUSE, Shrewsbury, MA, (508) 481-9314 before 9pm. (05)

**Bolger Micro**, in progress, hull & cockpit compl & glassed. Comes w/sails, masts, lead, keel mold, misc parts. \$1,000. Near Everett, WA. BOB GERFY, Lopez Island, WA, (360) 468-4992, <rgerfy@interisland.net> (04)



**'88 Quickstep 24**, 4 berths, set up for single-handing, jiffy reefing main & roller furling jib, '98 Yamaha 8.8hp, head w/holding tank & Y-valve, dodger, awning w/zip-on side curtains, stove, ice-box, sink, 20gal water tank, 2 anchors w/rodes, solar panel, depth sounder/speedometer, Garmin GP-48 GPS, ICOM M-1 +radio, Autohelm 2000 tiller acting autopilot, '00 Walker Bay 8' dinghy, Dor-Mor 375lb mooring anchor w/stainless chain/shackles/swivel. Located on Cape Cod, MA. \$20,000. WARREN SHERBURNE, Newport, NH, (603) 863-6394 home, (603) 865-2480 Office. (04)



**14' Peep Hen Sailboat**, '98 w/5hp Honda w/alternator, gel battery. Tlr, Sunbrella enclosure, new plexiglass dropboard, cruising amenities. Cushions inside & out, tabernacle mast, teak grate. Go anywhere, use as camper, live onboard for vacation. \$10,000 OBO.

MICHAEL TREMBICKI, Somerville, MA, (617) 628-2377. (05)

**'78 Alden Ocean Shell**, single scull w/Oarmaster sliding seat rig for recreational rowing. Dark blue hull & light blue deck. Compl ready to row. Incl classic 9' John Collar wooden oars in exc cond. New boat w/oars \$2,500, selling compl for \$950. **Piping Plover**, classic 12' rowing tender. Hand laid fg hull, positive flotation, extensive hand fitted teak trim, bronze hrdwre, stable & ltwt at 95lbs. This boat is 1 of only 23 bld by Davis Bros. Marine in Westport Point, MA. Shaw & Tenney flat blade spruce oars w/leathers. A beautiful classic tender in exc cond. Asking \$1,950.

BILL LAMBOT, Old Lyme, CT, (860) 434-0722 home, (860) 236-9998 Hartford office. (05)



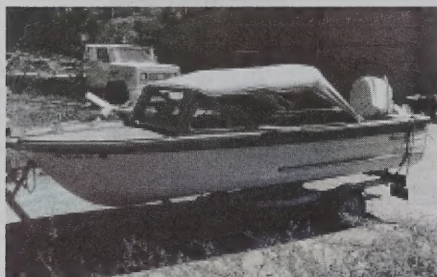
**15' x 5' Utility Skiff**, '99 Mercury long shaft OB, LoadRite trailer w/spare wheel. Bolger design, built w/extra thickness marine plywood; FG tape/epoxy seams; FG/epoxy covered outside; epoxy sealed inside; epoxy enamel sub-coat w/yacht enamels inside & out. Buoyancy under fwd and both rear side seats. Slick bottom. Stored indrs all seasons. Fast & stable. Classic lines, much admired, little used, less than 100hrs. Many accessories incl trolling motor & hefty battery. \$4,200. Will consider delivery in nearby states (located Wilmington DE). STANLEY C. FAULDS, (302) 998-1352, <fauldsfffarm@aol.com> (05)



**16' Cedar Barnegat Bay Type Garvey**, FG bottom. Nds some work but useable. \$300.  
DANE MARTINDELL, Manchester, NJ, (732) 657-5135, <dmartindell@lucent.com> (04)

**Used Sailboats**, 16' Mistral, galv trlr. \$995. Island 15', furler, galv trlr, motor. \$1,995.  
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951. (04)

**Drascombe Longboat**, 21'9" yawl. Exc cond. Easyloader trlr. New 9.9 Johnson. New dodger & tent. Lots of improvements. Call for details & can email photos.  
DANA POLLARD, CT, (860) 536-5322. (04P)



**Thompson 16' Sea Coaster**, '63, vy orig & well preserved, nds cosmetics only. 60hp Johnson ran several years ago. Tlr is nearly new. \$3,000.  
BOYD'S BOATS, Canton, CT, (860) 693 4811. (05)

#### BOATS WANTED

**Drascombe Lugger**, used.  
TIM DRY, 2715 Floral Tr., Long Beach, IN 46360. (04)

**Quality Recreational Kayak**, within 1 day drive from NH.  
ARTIE DILLON, Lebanon, NH, (603) 448-9525, <wirepaladin@prodigy.net> (04)

**8' FG Dinghy**, Dyer Dow preferred. Will pay CASH.  
CARLTON WINSLOW, Middletown CT, (860) 343-7388, <cwinsl8945@aol.com> (05)

#### SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**White Poly tarp Sail Kits**. Construct a sail in about 4 hrs. No sewing required.  
DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (11P)

**New Dinghy Sail**, 12'6" luff, 8'4" foot. 1 set reef points. \$170.  
RON BERNARD, Strafford, NH, (603) 664-5681. (04)

**Complete Rig for 12' Pram (Rinky Dink)**, 17' mast, main gd cond, 14' x 6', jib fair coend 11' x 6'. Spruce spars in gd cond (stored indoors). Standing rigging & boat plans incl. Located Rochester, NY. Delivery possible to NE. \$100.  
JAMES ROE, Webster, NY, (716) 787-3394. (05)

#### SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

**Finn Sailboat Mast & Boom**, or someone who can repair my Dad's, which I broke.  
H. CHAMPAGNY, 216 Northshore Dr., Greenback, TN 37742, <h2champs@aol.com> (05)

#### GEAR FOR SALE

**Marine Diesel Engines & Parts**, 2cyl Ferryman R-30; 4cyl Volvo 21-A; 4cyl Perkins 4-107; 2cyl Volvo MD 11 D; 2cyl Lister air cooled; 2cyl Coventry Victor gas engine.  
JIM ARMITAGE, Westbrook, CT, (860) 399-5191. (04)

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**2 Old Outboards**, '54 Johnson 25hp & '58 Johnson 25hp. Basket cases, mostly compl. \$100. **2 Pressure Tanks**, for OBs w/fittings. \$50 ea., 2 for \$90. BOB WADON, 83 Oak St., Randolph, MA 02368. (04)

**Moving Sale**, must dispose of 3hp Evinrude Fold Twin w/50hrs use; 8lb Danforth w/100' 1" nylon; pr homebuilt leebeds for sailing dinghy; 9" Craftsman w/extensions, fence, miter guage & blade guard; Ryobi 10" planer, 3yrs old w/accessories, only 1/2hr use. All in exc cond.  
JOE ROGERS, Framingham, MA, (508) 872-4206. (04)

**Bronze Hrdwre**, from 33' wood ketch. 6 oval port-holes, travellers, chainplates, tangs, other spar/rudder/tiller fittings.  
Bob Kugler, Westport, MA, (508) 636-2236, <rkugler@optonline.net> (05)

**OnBoard Sliding Rigger**, good cond. \$200 or \$350 w/carbonfiber Concept2 sculls (macon blades). Located near Augusta ME.  
KEN MEYER, Whitefield, ME, (207) 549-5741, <kmeyer@ghi.net> (05)

**Moving Sale**, must dispose of the following: 3hp Evinrude FoldTwin w/less than 50hrs. Craftsman 9" table saw compl w/blade guard, fence & extensions mounted. Ryobi planer used twice, accessories incl. New 4-ply nylon tubeless tire, 5.30-4.50 x 12 mounted on 4-hole trlr wheel, 55psi for hwy speeds. PFDs, 2 adult, 1 child (1 adult has slight tear). Pair of leeboards. 1-3/4" x 12.5' spruce mast & 1-3/8" x 7'7" spruce boom w/fittings. 2 pcs bamboo for canoe mast/boom, 9' x 3/4" tapering to 1" & 6' x 5/8" tapering to 1". Dacron storm jib by Yard-arm Sailmakers, 5' x 7' x 10", bronze fittings, SS stay, never used, in bag w/shoulder strap. Most items in gd to exc cond.  
JOE ROGERS, 24 Wood Terr., Framingham, MA 01702-5822, (508) 872-4206. (05)

**Johnson 4hp Sailmaster OB**, age unknown, gd cond.  
FRANK CLOUSE, Shrewsbury, MA, (508) 481-9314 before 9pm. (05)

#### GEAR WANTED

**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond.  
FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

#### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Free Magazines**, early '90s *WoodenBoat*, *Messing About in Boats*, *Small Boat Journal* & *Classic Boat-ing* (mahogany speedboats). About 100 in all.  
BOB WADON, 83 Oak St., Randolph, MA 02368. (04)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.  
DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



**Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat)**, Bolger design, 15'6" x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.  
DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

**BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM:** Customer photos. **FREE** how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55". "How To Use Epoxy" Manual \$2.00.  
GLEN-L, Box 1804/MAI, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258 [www.Glen-L.com](http://www.Glen-L.com) (TFP)



**Build 13-1/2' of Bliss**, from 2 sheets of plywood. Plans \$26. Illustrated leaf let of 16 craft \$2.  
DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (EOIP)

**Open Water Rowing**, 13 issues, \$25.  
JOHN MC LAUGHLIN, (516) 432-9116. (04)

**"Sleeper," 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser**. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.  
EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912 (TFP)

#### BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

**Old Canoe Catalogs**.  
LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

#### MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

**Swan's Island ME House Rental**, \$700/wk. Slps 4 or 5. Boat & kayak launching sites. 6 ferries daily.  
IVER LOFVING, Swan's Island, ME, (207) 773-9505 or (207) 526-4121. (04)



# “Well, another day of messaging about in boats, fun wasn’t it!”

Catching up with the Essex Shipbuilding  
Museum’s 18th century Chebacco boat replica,  
the *Lewis H. Story*

(Courtesy Essex Shipbuilding Museum Fall 2000 Newsletter)



A group of “British soldiers” arrives to challenge the crew for landing on Crown property.



At the Salem, Massachusetts Maritime Festival in the summer of 2000 the *Lewis H. Story* was purposely beached to better exhibit her 18th century features and to lend a Fitz Hugh Lane feel to the festivities.



A crewman is arrested and removed from the beach while the skipper puts up a valiant fight by turning the contents of the galley into missiles to repulse the redcoats.

A crowd of the curious gathers.



Fearing mud-splattered white britches, the redcoats agree to allow the vessel to stay if the crew pledges allegiance to the Crown. The skipper was heard to respond, “Ya, right!”



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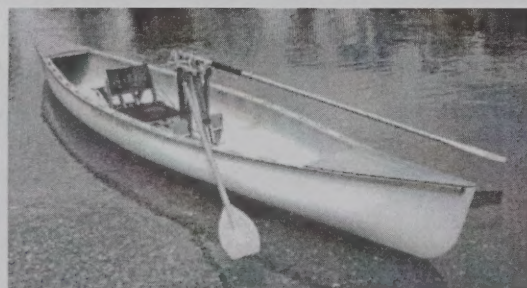


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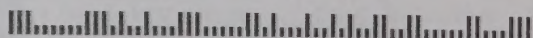
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